The Rosemary

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

Edited by THE SENIOR CLASS

SULLINS COLLEGE-CONSERVATORY

BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

"Here's Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love, remember."

Hamlet, Act IV: Scene V.

Foreword

Here's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance

IN making this, our Rosemary, we, the Editors, have tried to preserve the sweetest memories of 1912-13. Here are memories of long hours spent in work and short hours spent in play; memories of irresistible fun and mischievous pranks; memories of superior Seniors, insignificant but sophisticated Juniors, all-wise Sophomores and verdant Freshmen. Some are sad, some glad---but memories all. "Pray, Love, Remember."

Dedication

We, the Class of Nineteen Thirteen
dedicate this,

Our Rosemary

to you, our two friends, our true friends, who have been more than inspirations to us, who have smoothed the rough ways of daily life and made the path of duty one of pleasure; to you, whose words have inspired us and whose lives have been incentives to higher and nobler things; to you, who have taught us the meaning of true love and the sacrifices it calls forth;—to you,

Our Senior Teachers,

Miss Janie Howard Drake
and
Mrs. Mary Collier Forbes

MISS DRAKE

MRS. FORBES

The Staff

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial Activity

Burdens and honors
Alike we share,
Pleasures and pain
Together we bear,
While we work on the Annual.

Time we give up,
Lessons we prepare(?)
Rushing—hurrying!
Boys don't get a care,
While we work on the Annual.

Here a "sitting"
There a meeting.
Each moment haunts—
It's so fleeting—
While we work on the Annual.

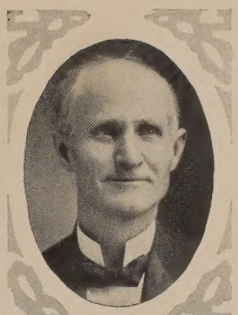
Writing stories,
Hunting "ads",
Trying to bring in
The latest fads,
While we work on the Annual.

Craving success—
Really uneasy—
Desiring to make it
Bright and breezy,
While we work on the Annual.

To recall memories,
To exact a laugh or two,
To picture our Sullins,
To create fun for you—
This is the goal sought by
Our work on the Annual.

A. L. C., '13.

Faculty, 1912-13



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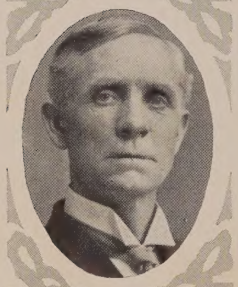

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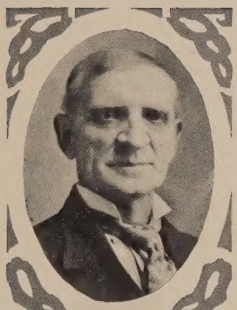
A. M., and Ph. B., University of Copenhagen; Teacher of Voice Culture and Harmony, New York City; Teacher of Voice Culture in New York School of Opera and Oratorio; Director of Music Lagrange, Female College, Georgia; Director of Music at Hollins College, Virginia.



CARL BODELL . . . . . Piano

Pupil of Tellefsen; Graduate of Royal Conservatory of Music, Stockholm; Received first prize medal of the year from King Oscar the second, when twenty years old; Pupil of Lubeck and Delabord, Paris Conservatory, and of Carl Reinick at Leipsic; Teacher, University of Stockholm; Clinton Liberal Institute, of New York; Hollins College, Virginia.

A. G. VREDENBURG . . . . . Piano and Violin

Graduate of the Syracuse University Conservatory; Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; Director of Music at Galloway College; at Judson College; at Oxford College; Played first violin Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

MISS CORINNE BROWN . . . . . Piano

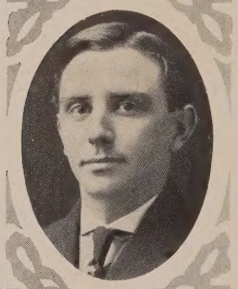
Graduate of Carl Bodell

MISS CHRISTINE ISEMAN . . . . Piano and Pipe Organ

Graduate of New England Conservatory of Music in both Piano and Pipe Organ; The Virgil Clavier School, New York; Studied with Josef Pembaur and Prof. Schreck at the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic.

MISS LESLIE LACEY . . . . . Piano

Graduate of Carl Bodell



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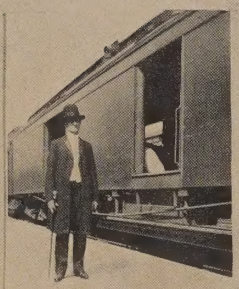


Rosemary Poem

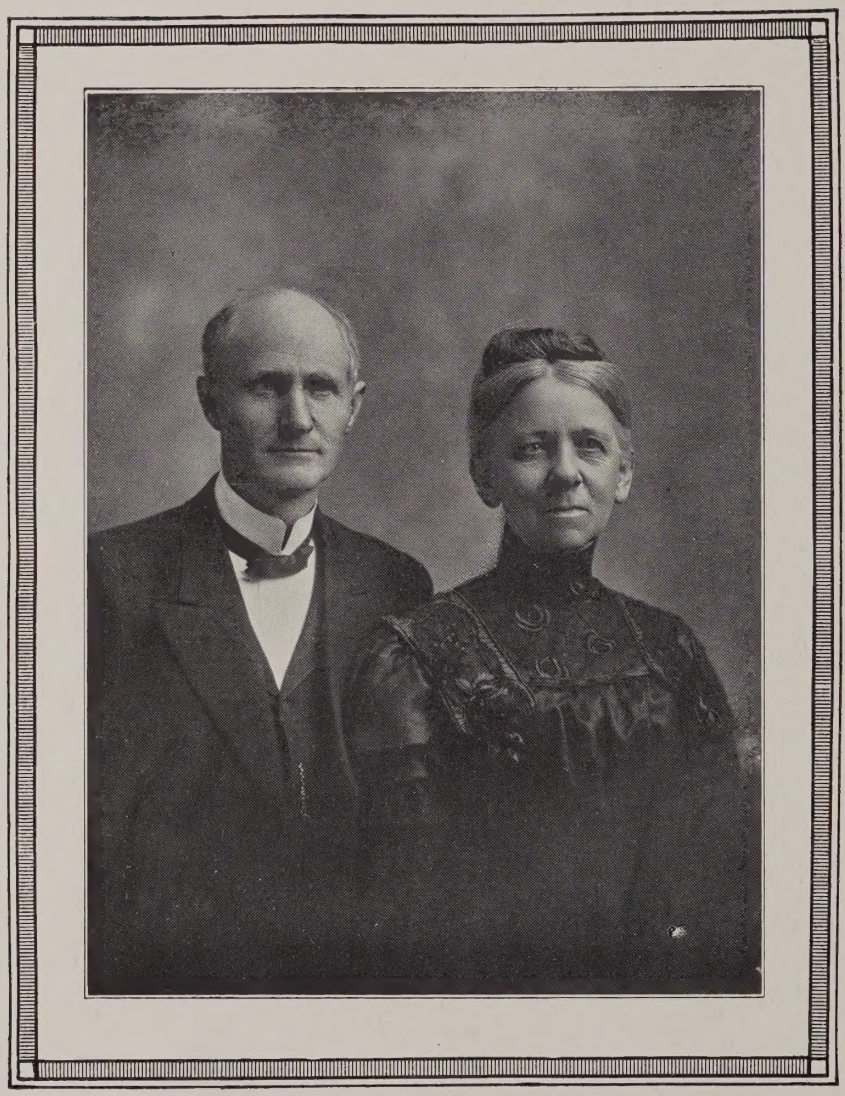
Once a forlorn little acorn,
So seemingly useless and small,
Was buried in mother earth's bosom,
All alone, quite unthought of by all.

Years later, a weary traveler
Seeking rest, shelter and shade,
Found a massive, monarchical oak tree,
A friendly haven the oak tree had made.

Once an idea, a thought evanescent,
Unmoored from a youthful mind, went drifting,
It anchored at "Rosemary Box,"—
Was lost—seemed submerged—in the sifting.

But this same little idea, or thought,
Had been carefully stored away;
For memory embalmed it in Rosemary,—
And bound it in "Crimson and Gray."

A. L. C., '13, F. L. S.



DR. AND MRS. NEIGHBORS

Our Senior days are here! Once we were Freshmen, and far in the distant sky there was a little star. We watched it anxiously. It grew brighter and brighter, and we found that we were Sophs. It came closer and closer. We marveled at it. Its brilliance dazzled us. We dreamed of it; we longed for it; we sought it. We were Juniors. Our Senior days are here! And behold! our star is a magnificent meteor, shining above us in all its beauty, glory and splendor. It casts its light into our lives. It influences us. Lo! it showers upon us meteorites which we shall keep as treasures dear to our hearts. One of these is our beloved Rosemary---cherished memento of our dear little star. We are better for having met this little star on the journey of life. Soon it will have done its work--lived its life--and will be a thing of the past. But will we forget it? Never.

Senior Class

Motto

"To the Stars Through Difficulties."

Colors

Crimson and Gray

Flower

Crimson Sweet Pea

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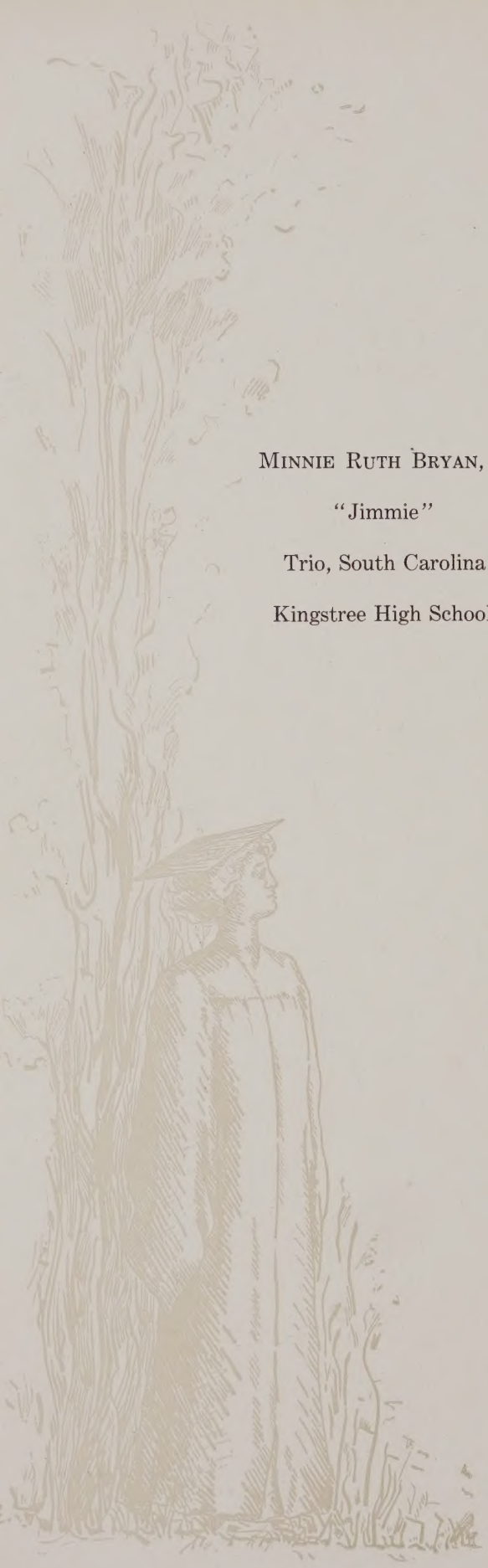


MINNIE RUTH BRYAN, A. B.

"Jimmie"

Trio, South Carolina.

Kingstree High School.

A little creature of noble and energetic nature, who has borne the trials and tribulations of Sullins for three years. At times she is moody, but the "cuteness of her moodiness" is unsurpassable—and between the moody spells, Oh, how bright! If worshipping at shrines constitutes true love and happiness, Jimmie is richly blessed. Her one desire for the future is to grow tall and marry a doctor.

"Oh, isn't she darling."

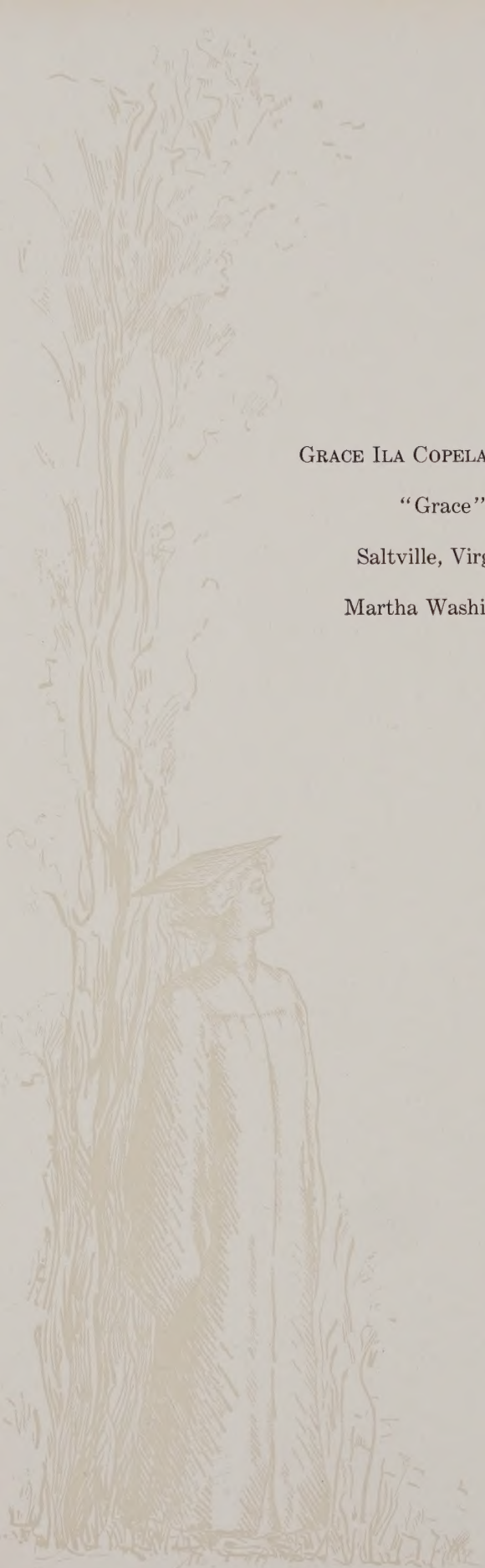
Dua congratulates herself on escaping the wilds of "Martha" and landing in the civilization of Sullins. However, she did bring from those desolate regions a pass mark in Senior English. Some day she may become famous as a writer, for she has certainly "taken down" her share of notes in Latin, that *fascinating* Livy. Studious and refined and deeply devoted to her art, she has won the esteem of all.

"Honey, ain't it mournful?"

DUA RUTH BUTLER

Mountain City, Tennessee

Martha Washington



GRACE ILA COPELAND, B. S.

"Grace"

Saltville, Virginia

Martha Washington

One of the few girls who has not changed her good habits and has not acquired bad ones. Grace has an insuperable aversion to all kinds of "slangy" expressions—but this is not to be wondered at, for she is as quiet as the proverbial mouse. However, her silence speaks wisdom, for her investments are well made—judging from her heavy returns from the art room.

"You needn't be surprised if I don't come back."

She is one to be proud of. Modest and retiring, Jamie Lee appeals to one's sense of delicacy and refinement. When she speaks, there's something said, but you need not expect her to speak often. Her duties as secretary of the class have been enough to tax the patience of a saint. Look in the Senior dictionary for the definition of sweet—in all its meanings—and you'll find—Jamie Lee.

"Well, I'll swing!"

JAMIE LEE COX, A. B.

"Jim"

Bristol, Virginia

Virginia High School

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS, A. B.

"A. L. C." "Wee-Wee."

Ozark, Alabama

Dale County High School

Our bonnie Annie Laurie—a "Little bitty" lass of much knowledge and more sweetness! If "the girl worth while is the girl who can smile when everything goes dead wrong," Annie Laurie is truly our girl worth while. Generous, sympathetic, enthusiastic, dependable and sunshiny, she has caused more than one person to fall in love with her. Once the "Senior Fund" was the bane of her existence, but her "collect-it-now" tendency has made that a thing of the past. She is an ideal girl for a friend and her friends are many.

"May I speak to you?"

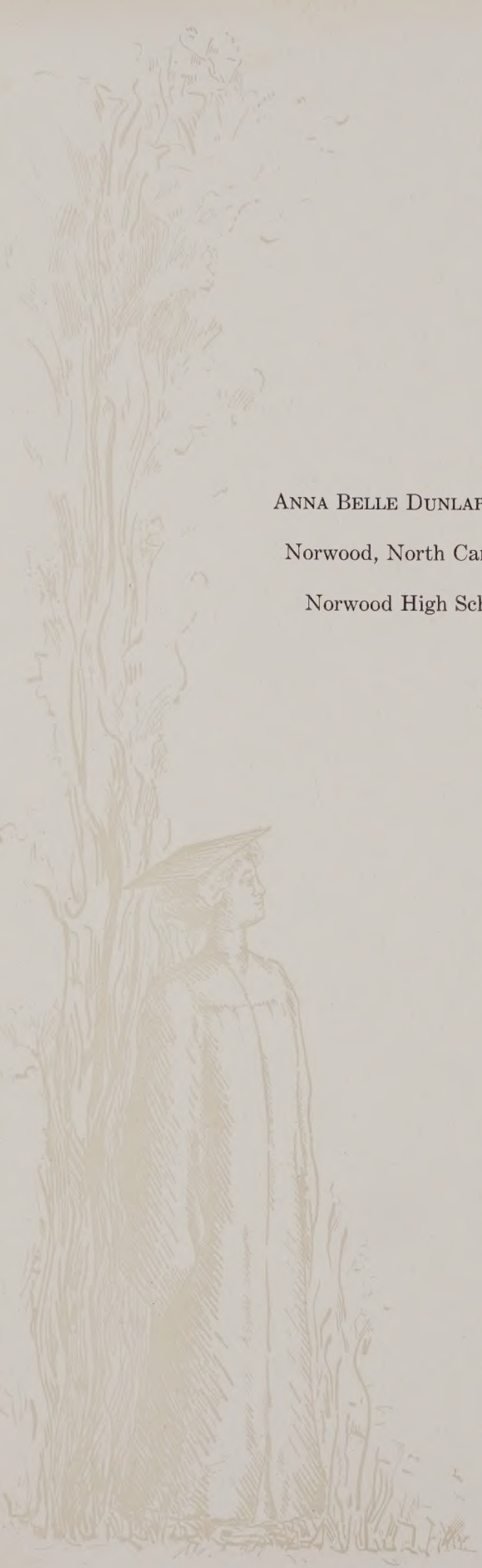
A thoroughly interesting girl, who, for some *puzzling* reason, has made a tremendous hit at Sullins. She is a little maiden whom Silence leaves at leisure only at times, but whose blushing face reflects everything happening around her. Florence has done good work at Sullins and we are proud of her. Life for her means "Vernie."

"Well, that's the limit!"

EULA FLORENCE CROWELL, B. S.

Bristol, Tennessee

Tennessee High School



ANNA BELLE DUNLAP, A. B.

Norwood, North Carolina

Norwood High School

A medium sized girl, burdened(?) with an unremovable supply of dark hair. Anna Belle is usually quiet—except when in the library, where she delights in giving a full account of the joys of living in North Carolina and the Norwood "fullows" whom she once addressed as "ladies."

"That just makes me furious."

She *was* a genuine little Georgia cracker, thoroughly devoted to her peanuts and red clay; she *is* a Virginia aristocrat thoroughly devoted to her candy. Truly, she is sweet and quiet. She has a weakness for sleep, and a splendid working knowledge of the English language. The champion speller, the possessor of an "analytical mind," the adored of Mademoiselle—Blanche is one of Sullins' brightest stars.

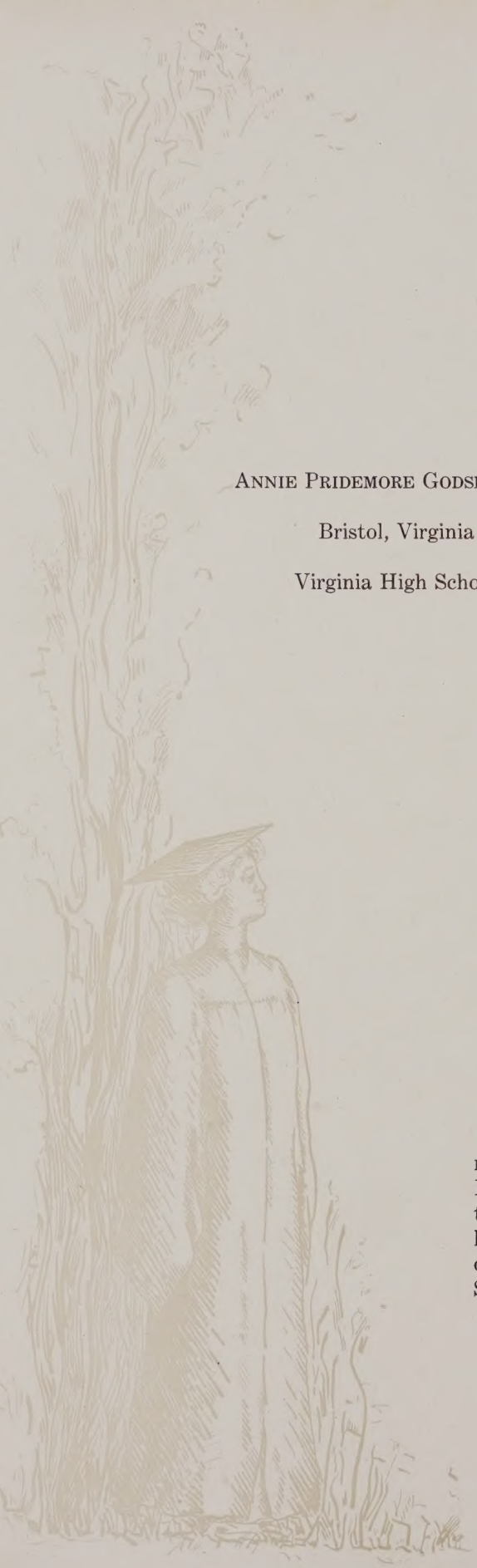
"Oh, I'm so tired!"

BLANCHE ESPY, A. B.

"Epson"

Buford, Georgia

Buford High School



ANNIE PRIDEMORE GODSEY, A. B.

Bristol, Virginia

Virginia High School

Smart, precise and quick—that's Annie. Her record among us has been one of quiet achievement. Her extreme absent-mindedness can be proved by the fact that she deliberately and positively overlooked part of her French exam. The power of determination is hers and we hope she will keep it. She is essentially a reliable girl.

She's tall and queenly with a face as bright as her sun-kissed hair. She has eyes that fairly dance with m'schief and feet that naturally walk away from rules. She has made an indelible impression at Sullins—and elsewhere! Poor Sue spends lots of time trying to reconcile love and duty. Her unfathomable love for Nan dominates her every thought and action.

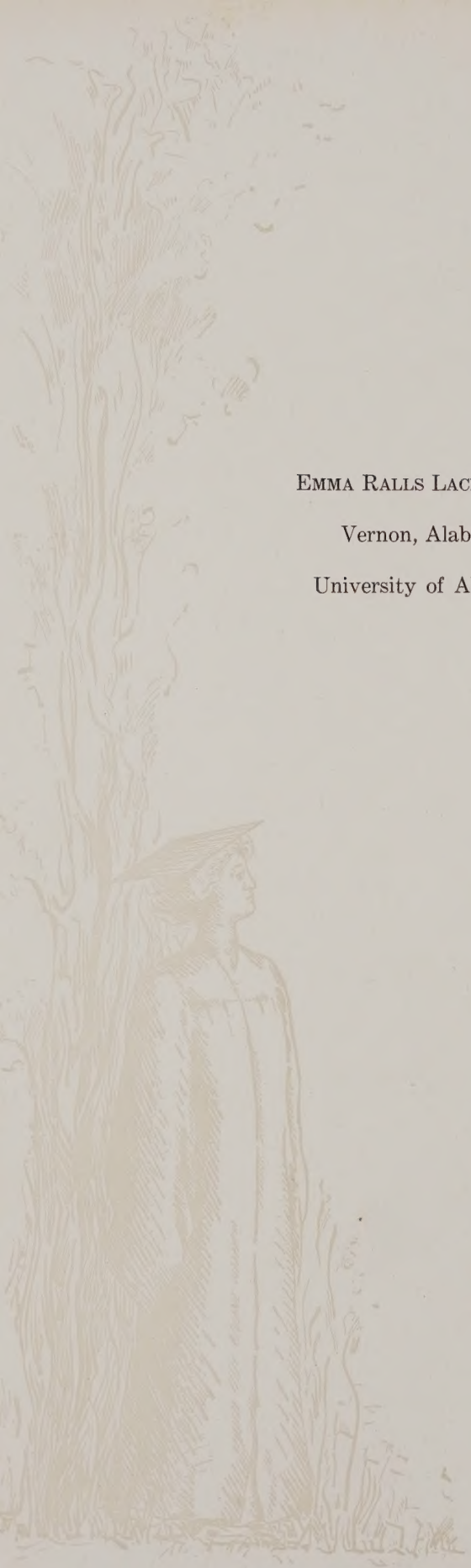
"I'll never get over it."

SUE KOLB, A. B.

"Pink Top" "Suebo"

Ozark, Alabama

Dale County High School



EMMA RALLS LACEY, B. S.

Vernon, Alabama

University of Alabama

An invincible little "everwho" who says "Goodnight" at all times of the day. Affectionate, did you ask? Well, we'll let Miss Fillinger answer. Her name is a veritable curiosity to all—even to Mr. Faidley, who addressed her as Miss "Royal" Lacey. Ralls is one of those unusual people to whom Math. is simplicity. It takes no prophet to predict a most creditable career for her.

"Search me!"

"Becky," the original of the originals! Clever, independent, with a mind of her own, she is the embodiment of spirit. Beck is the pride of the gym and she goes in for any form of athletics that pops into her head. As far as "rooting" and yelling are concerned, her equal has never been found. The power of leadership is hers, and without her, Sullins would be a dull place indeed. Since she is of an inventive turn of mind, we expect to hear of her in the future.

"Hi!"

REBECCA LOWDER, B. S.

"Becky"

Bristol, Virginia

Beaver High School

LAURA LYMAN, B. S.

"Aunt Laura"

Montevallo, Alabama

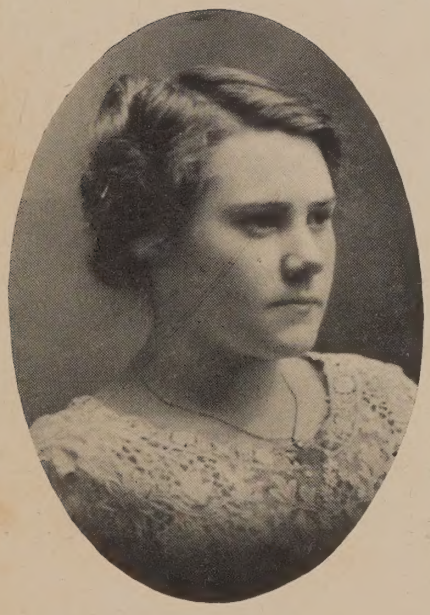
Alabama Girl's Technical Institute

Here's a dear!—a dear in every way. She is sweet and altruistic and unintentionally witty and comical. Laura can not boast of a single enemy. She plays a prominent part in the musical world of Sullins—she is wedded to the violin, the piano and even harmony, so you need not be surprised a few years hence to hear of "Mademoiselle Laurianio Lyomanio." All know her and all like her for the open-hearted, genuine comrade that she is.

"You're not peeved, are you?"

A quiet little Virginia maiden, polite as the proverbial Frenchman, and haughty as the arrogant Castilian. Maggie is a true, noble girl with ambition and courage which can not be subdued. Once in her Junior year, she got a demerit, but it was for a minor offence, which has never been repeated.

"Goodness Gracious!"

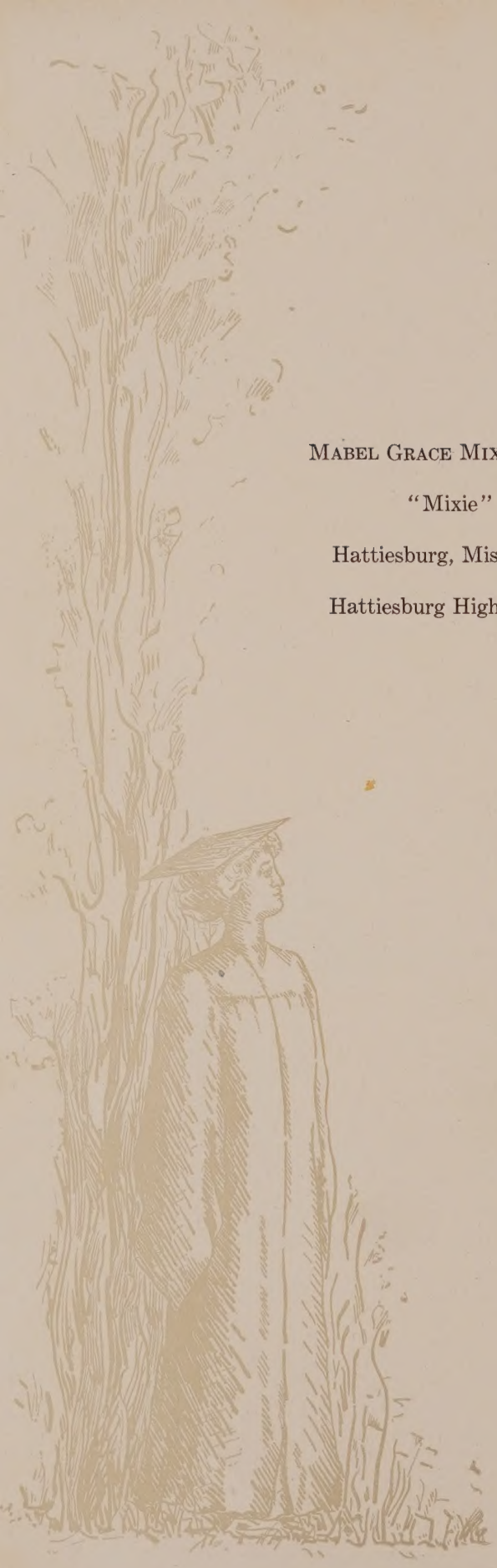


MAGGIE SCOTT MCCRADY, B. S.

"Peggie"

Lodi, Virginia

Damascus High School



MABEL GRACE MIXON, A. B.

"Mixie"

Hattiesburg, Mississippi

Hattiesburg High School

Here's one for you! Analyze her if you can! She is really and truly a Sullins' enigma. Her "forgetery" is greater than her memory, but her power of concentration is remarkable. "Mixie" is an optimistic optimist, who delights in "big" words. Her energy is inexhaustible, and her tongue works over time. Hattiesburg and "the boys" are subjects upon which she is authority. Once she originated "the Mississippi custom,"—but that was long ago.

"Well, you know—"

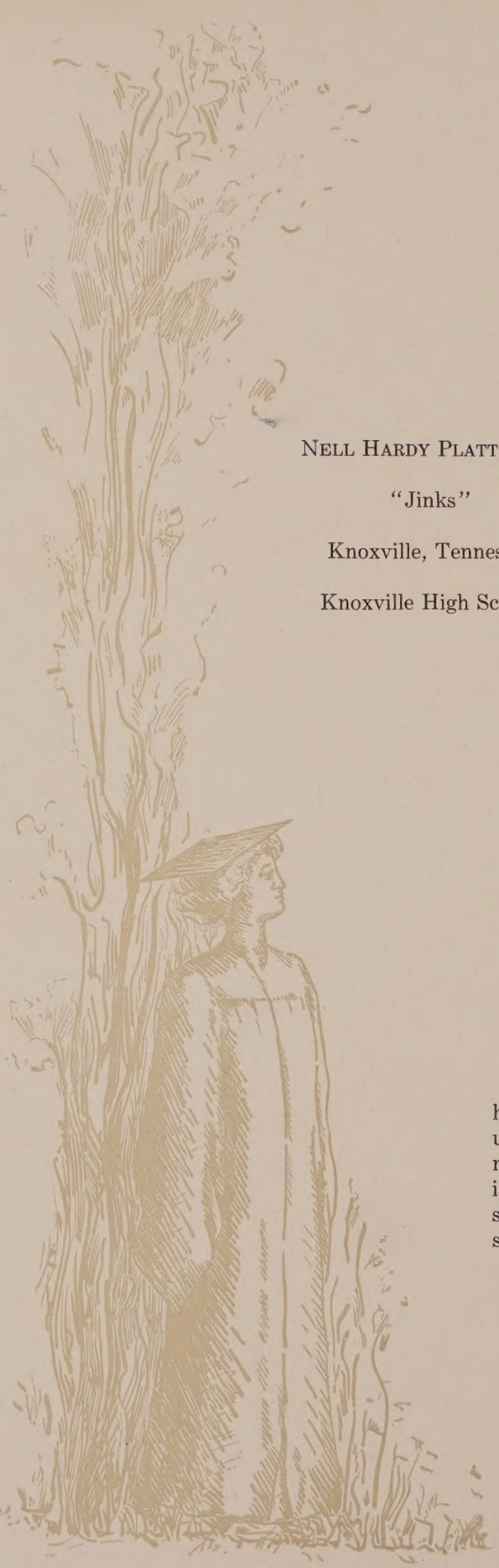
Okie is one of the quiet girls of the class who steadily "makes good" without much fuss. Any mark lower than A+would scare her to death. She is a rare combination of intellect, quietude and fun. In her Senior year, she contested with Blanche Espy for the first place in Mademoiselle Fleury's heart, and the race was "hot and heavy." Once she was noted for keeping one of the cleanest rooms in school, but the rats entered into competition and she had to quit "keeping"—she fled to the infirmary!

"Oh! Great Guns!"

OKIE REGINA NEFF, A. B.

Chilhowie, Virginia

Riverside High School



NELL HARDY PLATT, B. S.

"Jinks"

Knoxville, Tennessee

Knoxville High School

Just a darling! Her sparkling brown eyes, hearty laugh and sweet disposition make her a popular little lady here—and at a certain boy's school not far from here. Nell is gay and mischievous and is always ready to do any kind of a "stunt." No, she wasn't leader of the turkey-trot, but rumor says she had a hand —or foot—in it.

"It makes absolutely no difference to me."

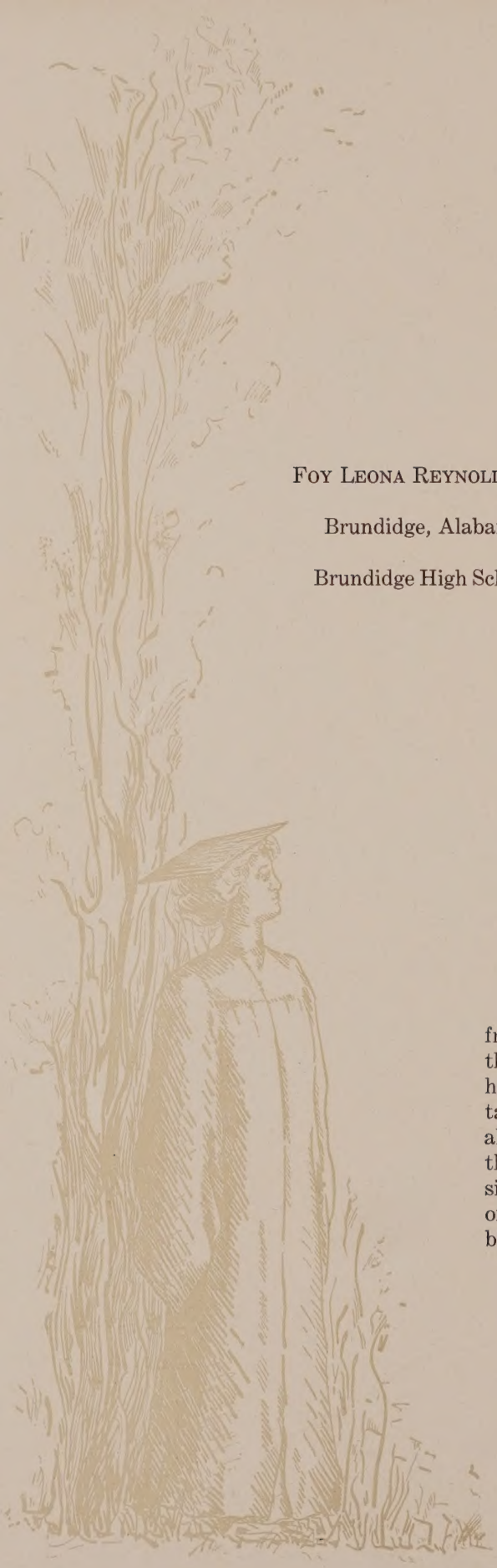
One of the brainiest girls of the school. She is the champion "arguer" in English class. Her daily rules of life are based on "Reed and Kellog." To those who do not know her intimately, she seems to carry about her an impenetrable air of dignity and reserve. Estelle is tall and of the brunette type and is easily infatuated by blondes—especially the blondes of the faculty. Her life at Sullins may be divided into two parts—before and after Iseman. A wasted moment was never hers.

"I don't care."

ESTELLE CORNELIA REDDING, A. B.

Biloxi, Mississippi

Biloxi High School



FOY LEONA REYNOLDS, B. S.

Brundidge, Alabama

Brundidge High School

It takes about one minute to find that Foy hails from Brundidge—a place which she assures us is on the map—at least some maps. She has the honor of having spent four years at Sullins and, to hear her talk, you would think so, for she can enlighten you on all subjects—from the ancient history of the place to the latest way of making a boy fall in love at first sight. We do not wonder, however, at her knowledge of Dan Cupid's tactics, for Foy is a tall, stately blonde, with her full share of womanly beauty.

"Honey, I'll declare."

A girl of winning ways who joined us the first of this session, and who immediately plunged into the whirl of popularity. Her "great strong face" and sweet girlishness clash—so do her strong mind and the *joke* problem. Lida is a model of neatness and an authority on all that is dainty. It is said that Cupid long ago lost an arrow in her heart—perhaps he is still "Hunt"(ing) for it.

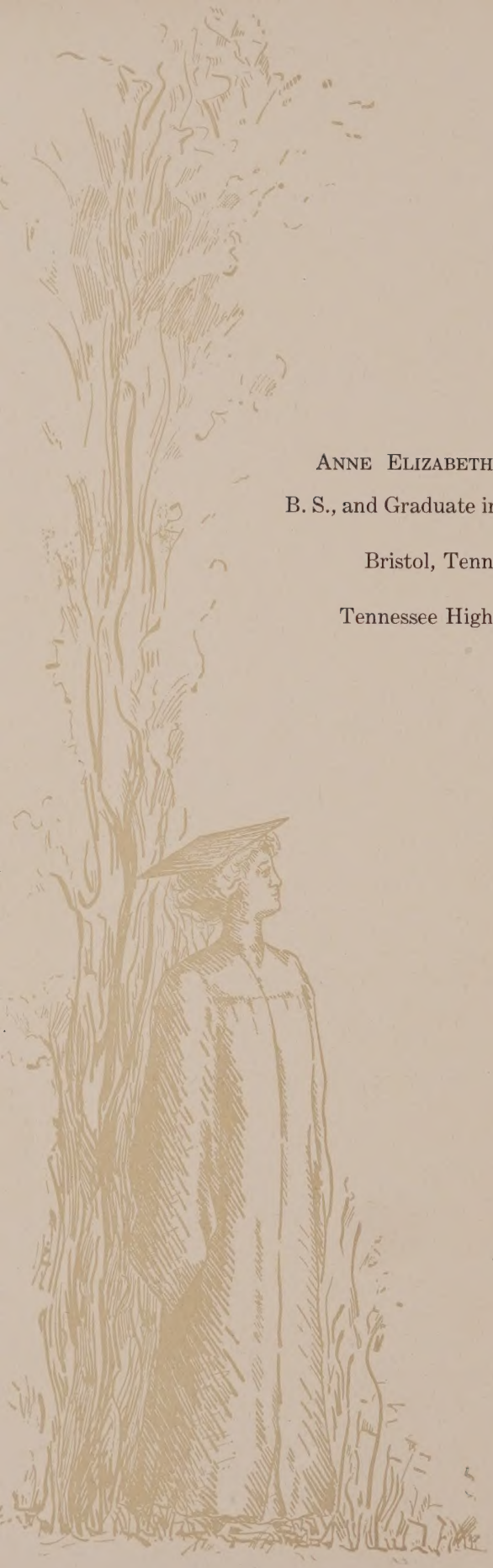
"Well, he could see her occasionally, anyway."

LIDA ROGERS, B. S.

"Pansy"

Dickson, Tennessee

Dickson College



ANNE ELIZABETH SCOTT,

B. S., and Graduate in Expression

Bristol, Tennessee

Tennessee High School

One look into those eyes and her character lies before you! Those eyes fairly scintillate with humor, sharpness, quick-wit and mischief. Her utter lack of reverence(?) for philosophy has probably put more gray hairs in Dr. Summers' head than any of his other "troubles." Elizabeth is our little "expressionist." She will have the honor of receiving two diplomas.

"Well, I don't know what *I'm laughing about!"*

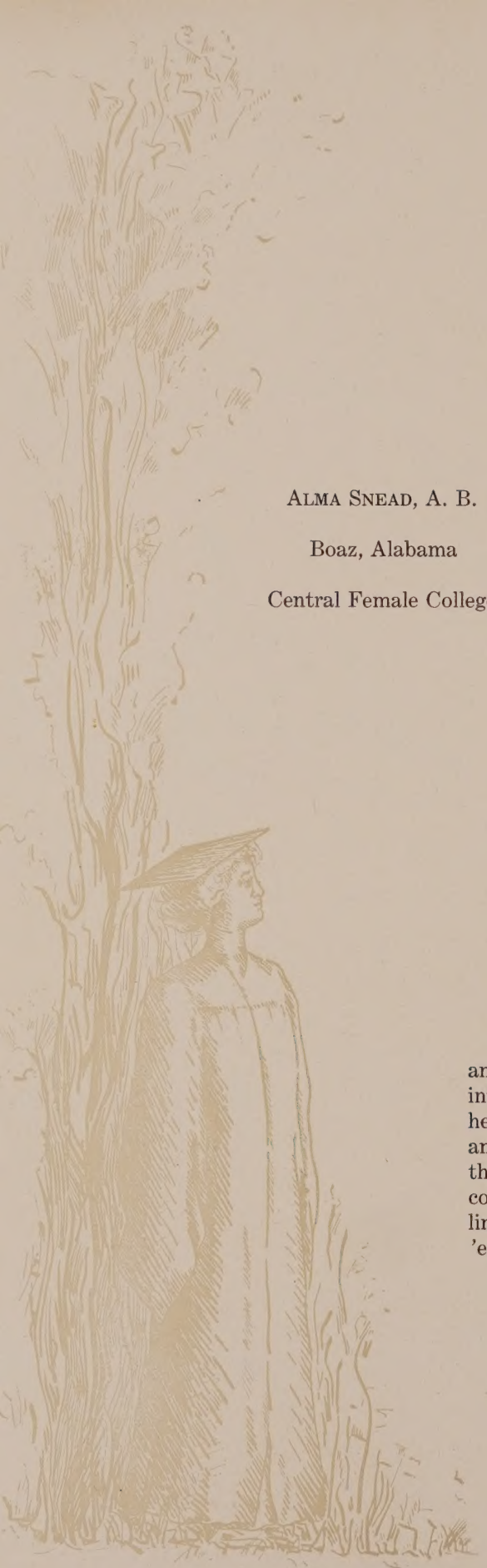
Few there be that are cast in the same mold as this dreamy, mild-voiced maid of Virginia. She first attracted us by her good common sense. Since she has been practice preceptress, Katherine has developed a silent, creepy walk and a "teachery" look. But these two peculiarities exist only while she is on her rounds. We did think that Katherine was blessed with a sensible mind, judging from her high marks in Senior English, but alas, we've found out better—she, too, has fallen a victim to the charms of Emory.

"Just anyhow."

KATHERINE HOGE SHARITZ, A. B.

Wytheville, Virginia

Wytheville High School



ALMA SNEAD, A. B.

Boaz, Alabama

Central Female College

The possessor of a laugh that excites laughter; and a mind that is worth while—a mind that delves into the deeper things of life. No conversation of hers could be complete without "Central College" and the numerous young men who urged her to wear their "frat" pins. Alma must have had a peculiar course in botany, for she once informed Miss Fillinger: "Oh, I know all about those animals; we had 'em in botany."

"Now, when I was down in Tuscaloosa—"

Here she is! The very incarnation of individuality and oddity, possessing a disposition radiant with sweetness and wit. Grace is our "exaggerator." Her wonderful tales are simply a part of her life. She has a characteristic talk, a characteristic laugh, —in fact "just Grace" expresses it all. She is one smart, grand girl. Sad to say, her life seems to be one disappointment after another, and since her "ideals are continually getting smashed," we are afraid Grace will go through life an old maid.

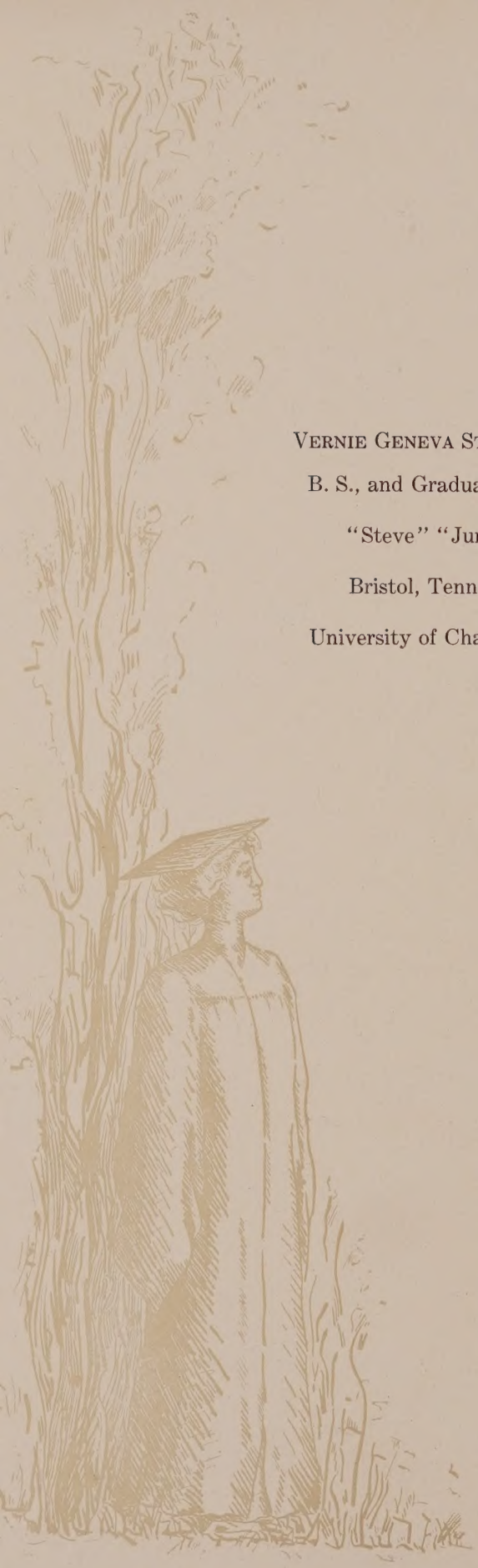
"Poor *child.*"

Grace Florence Sobotka, A. B.

"Gracie Botka"

Hartselle, Alabama

Morgan County High School



VERNIE GENEVA STEPHENSON

B. S., and Graduate in Art

"Steve" "Jurnie"

Bristol, Tennessee

University of Chattanooga

An artist in the truest sense of the word, one who sees beauty in everything, even in work on ROSEMARY. She has two striking peculiarities—an infectious laugh, which works over time, and a faithful devotion to duty. Vernie certainly must have kissed the Blarney Stone for she has a wit that is quick without attendant unkindness and a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. She is doubly smart and ambitious. Sullins will miss her.

"It is perfectly all right."

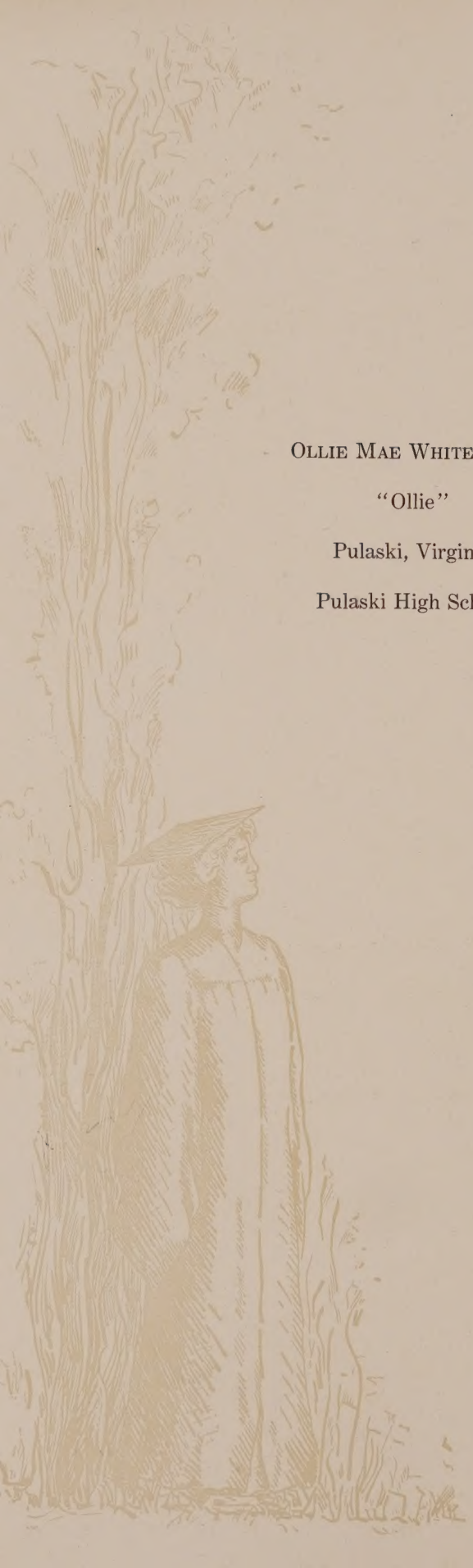
Brisk and quick in her nature, "Jo" is always moving or planning to move. She is never happier than when relating some of her exciting experiences —and her fluency of speech and convincing manner cause many people to believe some of her highly entertaining tales—notwithstanding. She is a bright, happy creature and is always found in the fun-seeking quarters.

JOSEPHINE BRANNER WARREN, A. B.

"Jo"

Bristol, Virginia

Centenary Female College



OLLIE MAE WHITE, B. S.

"Ollie"

Pulaski, Virginia

Pulaski High School

A girl of notions! Her Missouri-mule convictions of what is right and what is wrong make her one of the marked girls of the class. Surely Ollie is a past-grand-mistress in the gentle art of sarcasm and this accomplishment has caused many men to "fork over an ad" when she asked for it. Her conversation is a brilliant series of explosive epigrams. In her Junior year, she claimed to have the loftiest ideals of any girl in school, but, now, in her Senior year, since "new occasions teach new duties," she has resolved to lay aside this dignity and become a flirt.

"It's perfectly 'despickable'."

Louise, the undownable, best-natured and most happy-go-lucky girl in the class! She is very sensible and frank and can always see both sides of a question. She has been known to monopolize a great part of the English hour with her discourses on "The Niceness of Being Pretty." Louise is "absent" in size but "present" in activity and self-confidence. Her "genius burning on the outside of her head" does not detract at all from that burning on the inside. She thinks heaven to be made up of Morris chairs, sofa pillows, bath robes, Floramye and an inexhaustible supply of books

"Well, probably so."

LOUISE ADELE WILLIAMS, A. B.

"Mademoiselle Guillaume"

Headland, Alabama

Demopolis High School

SENIOR SNAP SHOTS

Special Senior Class

Motto

"Behind the Clouds, the Sun Shines."

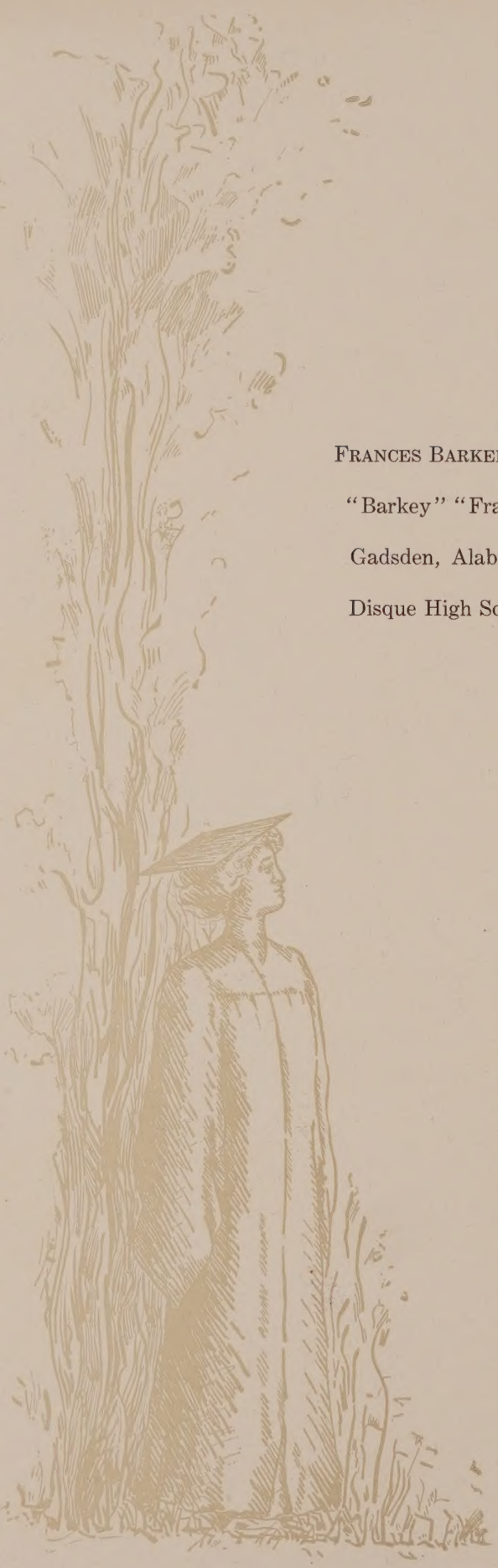
Flower

Violet

FRANCES BARKER . . . . . President

ANNE ELIZABETH SCOTT . . . . . Vice-President

SARAH PARK HOUSE . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer



FRANCES BARKER, Art

"Barkey" "Frank"

Gadsden, Alabama

Disque High School

Here, it must be admitted, we have no ordinary girl. Frank is our aristocratic lady—tall, attractive, artistic to the finger-tips and dainty as a delicate piece of china. Her admirers in Bristol are not limited to those within the college walls—the young men also mark her as a favorite. This is not to be wondered at though, for she is pretty—and sweet as she is pretty. We thought once that she was one girl who had no peculiarities, but quite recently we discovered that she has a strange liking for "Caliny Avenue." This explains those numerous Sunday afternoon strolls—in a way.

"*Well, now* HERE."

A coy, languishing maiden, who has more than her share of beauty and grace. She has been a "requisite" of Sullins for four years; but judging from the strict competition between Emory and Radford, she will soon be a requisite somewhere else. Two things especially distinguish Pearl—her unaccountable infatuation for boots, particularly high boots, and a strong inclination for the "Columbia." Her optimistic nature and cheerful smile have won her many friends.

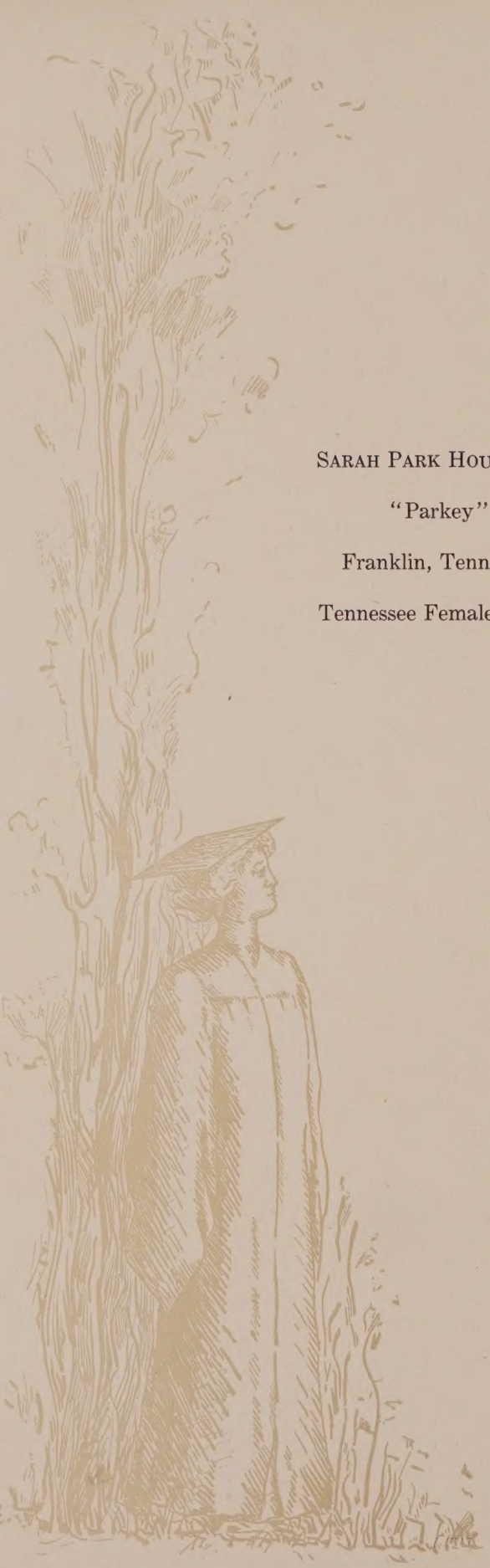
"Why, that's an old ditty strung to a new tune."

PEARL THERESSA HARMON, Expression

"Brownie" "Tony"

Graham, Virginia

Graham College



SARAH PARK HOUSE, Art

"Parkey"

Franklin, Tennessee

Tennessee Female College

A representative of old Tennessee who has had experiences enough to fill the State history and who doesn't hesitate to impart them. She talks with her whole soul and body and is always under the influence of some impulse, excitement or emotion. Sarah Park is a charming girl of an attractive and engaging personality and has a mind so thoroughly centered on her art that it is not difficult to predict a most brilliant future for her.

"I think it is simply TERRIBLE."

"Scube" is an indispensable nuisance. She has honored Sullins with her presence for four long years and we are sure that after her departure there will be an aching void. What will third floor do without its little ring-leader—it's mouth and breezer? Although she is little, she is the possessor of more impressive original phrases than any girl in school and a heart that simply turns upside down at the sound of chimes. She loves a good time—and visits the "hospital" quite frequently.

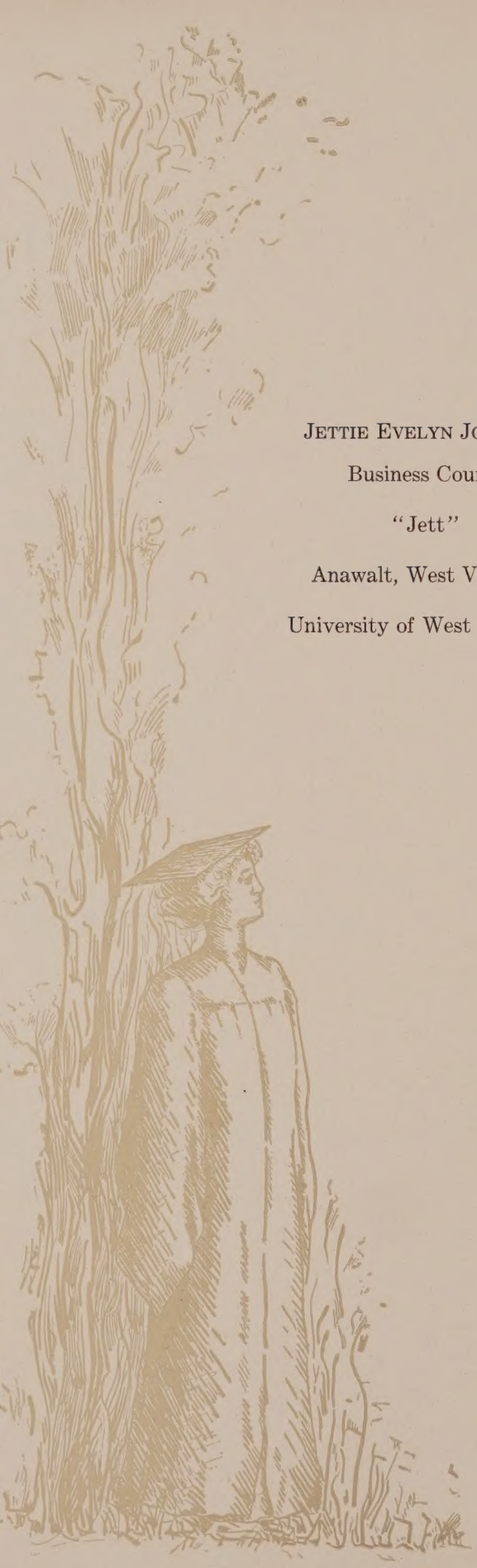
"Whoopee!"

VERNON STRODE HYBART, Expression

"Scube"

Gosport, Alabama

Perdu Hill High School



JETTIE EVELYN JOHNSON,

Business Course

"Jett"

Anawalt, West Virginia

University of West Virginia

Several weeks after school had opened this session, and chaos had been converted into order, "Jett" blew in upon us like a mighty wind from the west, and pandemonium reigned. "Jett" stayed and usurped the throne herself, and soon we were again enjoying peace and order. Her comprehensiveness and brilliance have astounded many—even Dr. Neighbors. She has peculiarities sufficient unto herself. Smart, industrious, and generous, she is a girl well worth knowing.

"Well, who'd have thought it?"

Two things incapable of explanation—her eternal demand for field glasses and a weekly special delivery letter—mark "Gus" as a person whom mystery(?) surrounds. Why, too, does she like the hymn "How Firm a Foundation?" Does mystery also play a part in this? Clever and enthusiastic, she has impressed us all as a

"Dear little,
Queer little,
Sweet little girl."

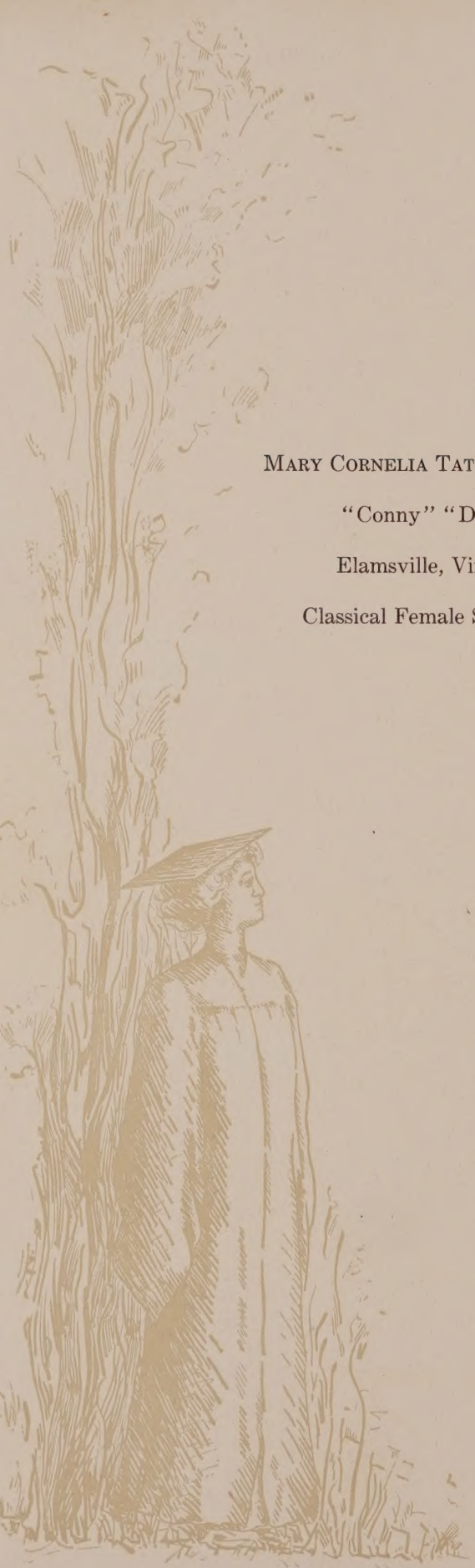
"Tho't die I would."

GUSSIE MAE STALLINGS, Business Course

"Gus"

Dothan, Alabama

Woman's College of Alabama



MARY CORNELIA TATUM, Expression

"Conny" "Dave"

Elamsville, Virginia

Classical Female Seminary

Cornelia is a quiet girl who likes to be around with a crowd, though she seldom contributes to the excitement, except at intervals to throw in some witticism. She is good in expression and art and it may be said that she has a mortgage on both. "There's life in the strokes of her brush" and truly she is

"A flattering painter who makes it her care
To paint men as they ought to be and not as they are."

"Oh, I'd tell the world."

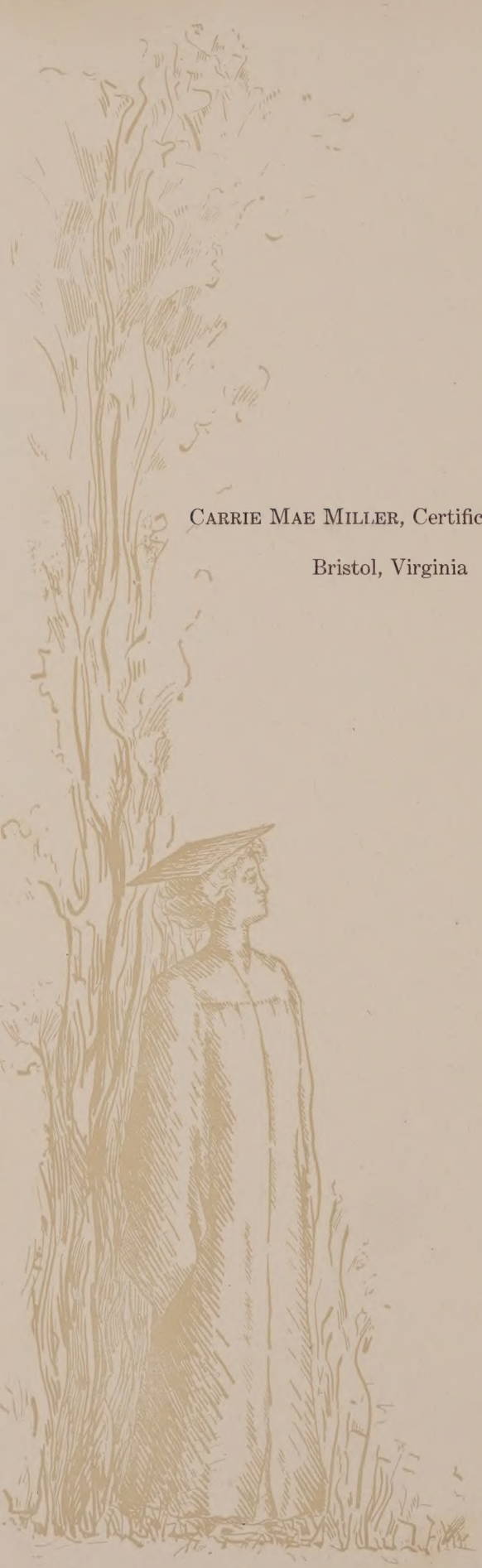
A curious combination—known intimately by very few of the class—because she is too deeply in love with the solitude of her "boudoir." Then, too, her town friends invite her out so constantly that it is hard for Sullins girls to get acquainted with her. She has never had the honor of receiving a demerit. She can keep you laughing all the time without trying. Lillian may be called our "solid girl."

"Aw, the mischief!"

LILLIAN MAE WILKINSON, Business Course

Abingdon, Virginia

Glade Springs High School



CARRIE MAE MILLER, Certificate in Voice

Bristol, Virginia

"Her air, her smile, her motions tell of womanly completeness." The perfume of a deep, noble soul surrounds her. This soul, so evident in her true face and large, frank eyes, is also revealed in her rich, mellow voice—of which there is no duplicate. Handsome and queenly, a brunette beauty, she excites the admiration of all. She is a steadfast and true friend always. "The shadows of greatness hang upon her."

"Oh, doctor."

Here is one of those lassies of whom it may be said that the oftener you see her, the more you like her. Her eternal cheerfulness is positively contagious. Clever and refined, she is an incessant worker and everything that she does becomes a part of her. She proved herself to be a leader of much ability during her term as Clionian President. Her violin and china-painting claim much of her time—even as much as twenty-six hours a day, according to "Mother." Since her father is our president, you would naturally suppose that Armour might be considered a "fixture" at Sullins, but if you have any such idea, a peep into her linen chest and china cabinet will dispel the fancy. Dame Rumor says that she likes Roanoke better than Sullins. She isn't fickle, either, though Emory was her choice last year.

ARMOUR NEIGHBORS,

Certificate in China-Painting

"Daughter"

Bristol, Virginia

Senior Class History

SINCE Modern History is more interesting than Ancient, we shall not begin this record any further back than our Junior year.

Certainly some portions of our Junior history are so indelibly impressed upon our minds as to need no record,—for memory vividly recalls thoughts of difficulties, in the forms of Junior English, Math. and Latin, that had to be overcome in order that we might attain positions as honored Seniors. We worked on faithfully, at times catching such a glimpse of the coming year as would set us working again with even greater enthusiasm.

Having due consideration for the happiness of others, the Juniors secured permission to take their sisters, the Freshmen, into Ghostland, on Hallowe'en night. From this weird country everyone escaped alive, and with so few shocks that all would have been willing and glad to live over again this enjoyable, exciting evening.

Although we did not accomplish much as Juniors, we did one thing that was unique in Sullins' history; that is, we elected class officers at least every other day. This brought down upon us the scorn and contempt of the superior(?) seniors. They could not understand our political ambitions and did not realize that we were just aspiring—EACH and EVERYONE of us—to those lofty Junior offices.

Finally, the time came for the Seniors to surrender their privileges and honors to the Junior class. With dignity equal to that of the Seniors, we donned caps and gowns, and entered into the class night exercises.

Vacation came and went all too soon. When the class again assembled, we found that several of our girls were missing; but new ones filled their places. For the first few days, we went about as though treading on air, proudly assuring ourselves that we had at last attained to the high dignity and privileges of Seniors. Quite soon, we found the stern realities of a hard year's work staring us in the face. Almost constantly, we had to rack our brain for short story plots, yet this constituted only a small part of the manifold duties we had to perform. All were "most important" and had to have long hours of attention. But all through this year, the brilliancy of the class has been manifested by the excellent grades made by its individual members.

The Seniors are not only famed for their literary merit, but many of the members have pursued some special work. One, in addition to her literary diploma, will receive a diploma

in art, another, a diploma in expression. Moreover, there is not one of us, who may not be distinguished in the world—later.

Mentally, we shine as stars, but socially we excel the sun, itself. We made our debut at the Thanksgiving reception, and after that, crowds of young men were turned away from the door—the parlors were filled. When St. Valentine's Day came, the Juniors ignoring our uncivil example, entertained us royally. Cupid played havoc, and many hitherto confirmed old maids upset their cherished traditions.

It is a well known fact that the Seniors hold and have held championship in all athletic sports. Seniors reign supreme in the literary societies. Our class is well represented in the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. In truth, everything in Sullins, even to the faculty, is ruled by us.

It is the steadfast purpose of the class of 1913 to go out from their Alma Mater

" * * * strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

OKIE NEFF, '13, C. L. S.

Senior Prophecy

I SIT ALONE in the gloaming. The evening shadows are lengthening. It is the time for dreams. As ever, my thoughts turn back to happy days at Sullins. I am longing for those days and for the Sullins girls. I wonder what each member of the class of 1913 is doing tonight. What would I give for a peep at each dear girl! But since this is impossible, why not look through my memory box? In this box I have treasured every letter, every picture, every souvenir or memento that I have received from the members of my class. So I turn on the light, place the box on the table beside me, and prepare for an enjoyable hour.

I reach into the box and find a letter from Okie Neff. It is a very interesting letter. Okie has become the brilliant woman that we expected and is now Lady Principal of Sullins. She tells me in the letter that two of the other girls of the Class of 1913 are teaching at Sullins also. Dua Butler is the successful Latin teacher and her most emphatic rule is that young ladies shall not take down the translations in class. Vernie Stephenson is Art teacher. She has studied Art at home and abroad and is an excellent instructor.

Sullins has become one of the greatest colleges in the South and one of the Seniors of '13 has helped to make it so. Annie Godsey has endowed Sullins with a large fund. A few years ago she had bequeathed to her a small sum of money, which she invested so well, that she has become a millionairess and now resides in Pittsburgh. Doubtless she was attracted to that city by the smoke, which is so characteristic of Bristol, her old home.

I put the letter aside and take from the box a long roll of paper, which, when unrolled, proves to be one of Harrison Fisher's pictures. No one, who had ever known Grace Sobotka could have failed to recognize her features in this picture. She is Harrison Fisher's latest model for his beautiful paintings of American heads. What first attracted the eye of this artist to Grace was the peculiar arrangement of her hair. It was just his style.

The next that I draw out of the memory box is also a picture, a photograph, cut from the New York Herald, of the famous Dr. Minnie Bryan and her head nurse, Miss Cullens. Our little "Jimmie" has attained her ambition. She has received her M. D. degree and is now conducting a hospital in New York City. Annie Laurie Cullens is head nurse in this hospital. Surely she has followed her true vocation, for I can but recall her loving attendance upon all the sick girls at Sullins.

I gaze long upon the picture of my two dear friends before putting it aside and taking from the box a wedding invitation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Platt
Request the honor of your presence, etc.

Nell is happily married and living at Emory.

I draw from the box a large book entitled, "New Encyclopedia of High Sounding Words for All Occasions," by Mabel G. Mixon. "Mixie" was not able to find enough startling words in our numerous dictionaries and encyclopedias and so she published an encyclopedia of her own.

"What can these be?" I ask myself, as I pull out of the box what seems to be two ordinary newspapers; but they are not ordinary newspapers, for the first is a Parisian Journal. What makes it more interesting still, to me, is that it contains a poem by our modern poet, Mlle. Blanche Espy. Her beautiful poems are read by lovers of poetry in two hemispheres. She is now studying in Paris and writes all her poems in the French language. As I read this poem again, I remember Blanche's first attempt at poetry, when she was chosen poet of the class of '13. She had a hard time with rhyme and meter.

On the front page of the other newspaper is a large picture of Miss Rebecca Lowder in athletic costume. The whole of the page is covered with a description of the last Olympic games, in which "Becky" had won the highest distinction ever won by a woman

Now I see a poster which was sent me from London. It reads thus:

"FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTRESS
MISS OLLIE MAE WHITE
IN THE ROLE OF
LADY MACBETH
Drury Lane Theater, Tonight."

We used to think at Sullins that Ollie was quite dramatic, so we are not surprised that she has won fame as an actress.

I find in the box a book entitled "Christine." It would not be difficult for any Sullins girl to recognize Miss Iseman in the heroine of this book. It was written by Estelle Redding, who now rivals Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson as a novelist.

The next is also a book, a queer little book which I am unable to read. It is written in the Chinese language and is a copy of the Chinese Bible, sent me by Katherine Sharitz, who is now a missionary to China.

I put the Bible aside and take from the box a picture of Ralls Lacy and the students of her Senior Bible Class at Agnes Scott College. Ralls so profited under the instructions at Sullins that she has become a Bible teacher and is a second Mrs. Neighbors.

A newspaper clipping from the Bristol Herald Courier next attracts my notice. It reads thus: "The new pastor of State Street Methodist Church arrived today. He and his bride, formerly Miss Jamie Lee Cox of this city, were warmly welcomed by many friends." Our sweet Jamie Lee has become a minister's wife and is proving herself well fitted for the opportunities and cares of this position.

I take from the box what looks like a letter, but what proves to be an invitation from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, to the graduating recital of Miss Susie Kolb. She is now studying music in Germany.

Next I find an article cut from a late English magazine. It tells of the presentation of Miss Foy Reynolds at the Royal Court. Her beauty and charms have created quite a sensation in foreign lands. Counts and dukes have sought her hand in marriage but have been, one and all, refused. Foy is still traveling abroad, but is expected home soon.

Then I see a picture of Trinity Church, New York City, and by the side of it a small picture of a lovely young lady, who is none other than our old classmate, Josephine Warren. On the back of the picture is an explanation. "Miss Warren is the new Soprano in the choir of Trinity Church and all New York raves over her wonderful voice."

I draw from the box a small pamphlet written by Florence Crowell, entitled "To the North Pole in an Airship." Florence was the first aviator to make this trip.

Down in one corner of the box, I find a card of invitation to the debut party of Miss Lida Rogers. She is now the leader of fashionable society in New York.

In another corner of the box, I find a letter and a post card. The letter is one I received some years ago from Alma Snead, telling me of her happy marriage. She married the summer following our Senior year at Sullins. There were so many Alabama University boys, who were suitors for her hand, that Alma was at a loss which one to choose.

The post card is from Laura Lyman. She was too busy to write a letter. She is studying violin in Italy and bids fair to become a famous violinist.

I pick up a copy of the Sunday School Visitor in which there is a picture of Maggie McCrady and a short sketch telling of the wonderful work she is doing in Richmond, Virginia, where she is engaged in teaching a Mission Study class.

I now find a program of a play, staged by Miss Elizabeth Scott in the year of her graduation from the Curry School of Expression, Boston. Now Elizabeth is one of the faculty of that famous school

Only two more souvenirs remain in the box. One is a newspaper clipping stating that Miss Grace Copeland had just been made president of the Woman's Rights Club in Seattle, Washington. Who would ever have thought that our quiet Grace would become such an ardent suffragette!

On the very bottom of the box is a black bordered envelope, containing a letter from Anna Belle Dunlap. She married soon after graduation, was left a widow and is now conducting an orphan asylum in San Francisco.

This is the last. I place the mementos of my classmates back in the memory box, lingering over each one. As the years pass, I shall perhaps receive many other mementos, but for tonight my dreams are over.

LOUISE WILLIAMS, '13, C. L. S.

Land of Empirical Knowledge

SULLINS COLLEGE-CONSERVATORY
BRISTOL, VIRGINIA

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That we, the Class of 1913, being residents of said Land of Empirical Knowledge, Sullins College-Conservatory, Bristol, Virginia, and having reached the age of accountability, and being of sound minds and disposing memories, and desiring to direct how our property, at our departure, shall be divided and disposed of, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and codicils:

I. To our Alma Mater, which has been a true imparter of knowledge to us for so many happy days, we give and bequeath all good fortune, and wishes that she may continue to prosper throughout the years to come.

May those who go out from her walls be women true and honored, worthy—even as we ourselves.

II. To the members of the faculty who have guided us safely over the stony places of college life, we give all future Senior Classes, hoping that they will be guided as we have been. We give back the few demerits imposed on us that they may be judiciously and sparingly distributed among our successors.

III. To the Juniors we give our privileges, and our seats of wisdom in the English room, —also any short story plots that may be left there.

IV. To our sister Sophomores, all good wishes that they—having bravely undergone all past trials—may reach the goal in 1915 with colors flying, and the feeling that it may be said of them, "Well done."

V. To the Freshmen we give the Seniors of next year.

VI. To the Preparatory Class, all of the reproofs and knocks that Seniors bestow on Freshmen.

VII. To Dr. Neighbors, the privilege of giving "hints to the wise."

VIII. To Mrs. Neighbors, all TACT in teaching Senior Bible.

IX. To Miss Drake, all descriptions and short stories written by the Seniors.

X. To Dr. Summers, the right to visit the "Knobs" once a day, eight days out of the week.

XI. To Miss Fleury, all the wonderful French and German conversations heard in the hall.

XII. To Miss Bruce, for future use, all the "Odes of Horace" we didn't long to read.

XIII. To Miss McAdory, the "Analytics" of the future—also the "cozy corner."

XIV. To Miss Fillinger, the sun, moon and all the stars.

XV. To Mr. Alberti, a description of himself, written by a certain Titian-haired Senior

who thinks that Antony's praise of Brutus might here apply—"Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

XVI. To Mr. Bodel, the right to wear out the floor of his studio, when he gives lessons to certain pupils, and to have as many "kitties" as he likes.

XVII. To Mr. Vredenburg, the privilege of "scooting" about, tuning pianos and playing upon "wind instruments"—not to mention wild instruments.

XVIII. To Miss Iseman, permission to carry her head high and pop corn on Sunday afternoon.

XIX. To Miss Brown, the right to break all hearts and possess innumerable American Beauty roses.

XX. To Miss Lacey, the right to send little girls to bed when they insist on reading their Bibles after light-bell.

XXI. To Mrs. Forbes—Miss Jaunita Meredith, to take the place of Minnie Bryan, A. B.

XXII. To Miss Rye, the right to chaperon all Emory boys and Sullins girls who dine at the Bristol.

XXIII. To Mrs. House, the right to speak her mind on all occasions.

XXIV. To Miss Allen, permission to break her engagement with Mr. Mears.

XXV. To Mrs. Kirkpatrick, all the hearts left from the Valentine party—to take the place of the one she has recently given away.

XXVI. To Dr. Carlock, all complaints concerning lights and heat.

XXVII. To Mr. Mears, all literature bearing on "Matrimony," "The Art of Proposing," etc.

XXVIII. To Miss Little, all non-O.K.-ed bills.

XXIX. To Mrs. Love, we give a three months' rest from caring for the indisposed.

XXX. To Miss Nannie Ketchum, all the cake left on the Senior table.

XXXI. To Aunt Charlotte, all of the biscuits we couldn't eat.

WITNESS these, our signatures, this the 25th day of February, 1913.

MINNIE BRYAN	SUE KOLB	SARAH P. HOUSE	OKIE NEFF
DUA BUTLER	RALLS LACY	VERNON HYBART	NELL PLATT
GRACE COPELAND	REBECCA LOWDER	JETTIE JOHNSON	ESTELLE REDDING
JAMIE LEE COX	VERNIE STEPHENSON	GUSSIE M. STALLINGS	FOY REYNOLDS
ANNIE L. CULLENS	JOSEPHINE WARREN	CORNELIA TATUM	LIDA ROGERS
FLORENCE CROWELL	OLLIE WHITE	LILLIAN WILKINSON	ELIZABETH SCOTT
ANNA B. DUNLAP	LOUISE WILLIAMS	LAURA LYMAN	KATHERINE SHARITZ
BLANCHE ESPY	FRANCES BARKER	MAGGIE MCCRADY	ALMA SNEAD
ANNIE GODSEY	PEARL HARMON	MABEL MIXON	GRACE SOBOTKA

We, the undersigned witnesses, sign our names in our handwriting, at the request of the Senior Class, in their presence and in the presence of each other at the above time and place.

MARSH CUNNINGHAM.
MR. MANN.

Senior Class Poem

Our school days now will soon be done,
A future bright—extending far—
Now beckons lives that are just begun
And bids each stand a shining star.

May years be few, and time speed by,
'Till well-spent lives of Sullins girls—
Like God's great firmament on high,
May light with hope the darksome world.

When Sullins days are o'er,
And out into the world we go,
May thoughts and deeds, both, upward soar
As fit examples, then, of Sullins lore.

Sweet memories ever ours will be
When thoughts on dear old Alma Mater rest—
As balmy winds across the sea,
Her beauteous teachings lift and bless.

And as we near the time to part—
That Sullins may be blest with splendor yet unseen
Is wished by each, fond, loyal heart
Of this our class of 1913.

BLANCHE ESPY, '13, F. L. S.

President's Address

BELOVED Classmates, truly I would the gods had made me poetical, for what can I say, with my stumbling tongue to commemorate this occasion! Yet, I wish to say something which will live in your hearts so long as you have breath in your bodies.

Custom has, to a certain extent, fixed the nature of my message, for, as your Class President, I am supposed to give you a charge—to keep—to obey—to make the motto, the incentive, of your future days.

You are leaving your Alma Mater—perhaps forever. Are you going to show yourself worthy of her? Will each of you prove to be a woman among women? Our motto says, "To the stars, through difficulties." Why cannot we make that so?

The stars may seem pretty far away, but still they are stars and they shine. Even the tiniest has a merry twinkle that seems to say, "I'm here, you can rely on me."

Let's show to the world the kind of a woman Sullins makes. There may be no George Eliots but there may be Florence Nightingales (?) and Clara Bartons among us. Each of you can excel in your own sphere. Every woman is a queen; she has her own kingdom and subjects. Your kingdom may be a school room and your subjects freckled-faced boys and mischievous little girls but still—they are yours, you can be the "best teacher" to them in all the world.

Again, your mission may be to stay at home and help mother or to make a home for someone else; that's one of the greatest missions in the world. Make yourself worthy of it. Mr. Ruskin says, "Wherever a true woman goes, there is always home around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman, it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

"I would have women desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim not merely the title but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means 'bread-giver' or 'loaf-giver,' as Lord means 'maintainer of laws.'"

Whatever you will to do, do it with a vim—do it as perfectly as possible—remembering that perfection is possible in everything, that "there is a right way to do everything, even if it is merely to boil an egg." To be able to do just one thing perfectly will make you invaluable to the world. Emerson has put this thought thus: "If a man can preach a better sermon, write a better book, or build a better mouse trap than his neighbor, tho' he live in the woods, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

Let us join this to our motto and with the two we will, like the old "Vicar of Wakefield," "keep inflexible," and marvel at the ease with which we pass over the rough places of life.

MABEL MIXON, '13, F. L. S.

Junior Class

Colors

Red and Green

Flower

American Beauty Rose

Motto

"Strive Always for the Highest."

OFFICERS

ANNIE WHATLEY	President
ROSE SUMMERS	Vice-President
MARY KIRKPATRICK	Secretary
ELIZABETH BRANHAM	Treasurer
HELEN FIELDER	Poet
CALVIN HANKINS	Historian
MRS. KIRKPATRICK	Teacher

Junior Class

"You may talk of a woman's constancy,
And the love that cannot die,
But here's health to a woman's coquetry,
And the light of the pretty eye"—
Of that stately Virginia maid—
Clarice Alvis,
of Narrows.

Margaret Boothe, Batesville, Mississippi.

"She's a winsome wee thing,
She's a handsome wee thing,
She's a bonny wee thing,
This sweet little girl."

"Boots" is tiny, but she needs no stilts to make her easily one of the foremost at Sullins.

Elizabeth Branham, Orlando, Florida.

"Beth" came from the "Land of Flowers", bringing with her some of the glorious sunshine and joy of a fresh spring morning. At present, however, it seems that she loves North Carolina "almost as well" as Florida.

Mary Breeding, Bristol, Tennessee.

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces;
The ages to come would say, 'This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches, ne'er touched earthly faces.' "

Marjorie Lee Brooks, Thomasville, Alabama.

Although she sings, yet she is not a babbling brook, but she is a "full brook and is constantly overflowing."
"Oh, dry those tears."

Cate Brown, Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

There are times when patience proves at fault—and these are many indeed with Cate. Cate's

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

Carrine Buchanan, Tazewell, Virginia.

"She's as chaste as the icicle
That's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Diana's temple."

Bailey Carr, Crawford, Mississippi.

"It matters not how long we live but HOW." If the HOW consists of silence and silence is golden, Bailey is living well.

May Catron, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

"To see her is to love her,
And love her but forever;
For nature made her what she is
And ne'er made such another."

Pearl Cole, Roanoke, Virginia.

"The mirror of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."
"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

Lucille Eiffert, Rural Retreat, Virginia, is

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Her favorite color is "Garnet" and she constantly preaches the "Lucian" code of politeness.

Helen Ward Fielder, El Paso, Texas.

"O, so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,
Her glossy hair is clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and smoothe."

Eurene Bonlanger Gilkey, Marion, North Carolina.

"A face with gladness o'erspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!"

Eurene firmly believes in the adage about The Early Bird—for every night as sure as "Lights out" rings, she is just as certain to say, "Mr. Mann, call me at four o'clock."

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair" is Fannie Mae Gray, of Stafford Springs, Vossburg, Mississippi.

"Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky
And with the angelic choir make symphony."

Calvin Rahn Hankins, Live Oak, Florida, is the author of these quotations except for a few written by "Bill Shakespoke" and other insignificant poets like him.

"O wad some power
The giftie gie us,
To see ourselves
As ithers see us."

Nelle Hale, Narrows, Virginia.

"Her voice is ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Nelle does not believe in hurrying through life. When she enters the dining room Dr. Summers knows that it is time for the blessing.

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
But only one, just one—Mary Horne."

Mary's home is Glade Springs, Virginia, but Bristol seems to have great attractions for her.

Mary Kirkpatrick, Pennington Gap, Virginia.

"She talked and the girls talked with her.
They stopped, but she talked on."
I chatter, chatter as I go
To join the Sullins girls.
They are fascinated with me, so
I would not stop for worlds.

"Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!"
Is Genevieve Livesay, of Bristol, Tennessee.

But if you have tears, prepare to shed them now, for the Junior Class may lose "Geneva" who is greatly interested in a certain legendary "King" known as "Arthur."

Alma McCoy, Atmore, Alabama.

Oh, such eloquence as Alma "wastes on the desert air" when she hears the preceptress coming.!

She is quite an "elocutor." Her favorite selection is "How I love My Jean!"

Dixie McCrary, of Bristol, Virginia, considers it only a slight matter to lead the entire school in her grades. And although they will not admit it, the Seniors stand in awe of her,

"Whence thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
"If a task is once begun
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small
Do it well or not at all."

Mary Mimms, Newport, Tennessee.

Mary is quite dissatisfied because she is so SLENDER. But the obvious reason for this is that she always receives such "blue letters."

Eva Oglesby, Harrisburg, North Carolina.

"Absence of occupation is not rest
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

Eva is never distressed, then, for she's always AT something, even if it's not books!

Mary Emma Parker, Norwood, North Carolina.

"A story in which native humor reigns
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact enlisted on your side
May furnish amusement, well applied,
To those who gather round, and wonder at the tale."

Mary Emma is gifted in telling remarkable "narratives."

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace
Of finer form or lovelier face."

Than Ada Pennington, of Pennington Gap, Virginia.

B–eauty conquors all things
U–know the adage reads,
S–o to "Penny's" shrine he brings
H–onors, praise, and noble deeds.
O–bserved? He careth not at all
N–ever relenteth he, but this ardor is
G–aining new courage by a previous fall.

Sallie Porter, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

In spite of her "light delicate" hair, she has a strong, sturdy body. Her motto is: "If 'tis done, 'twere well it were done quickly."

Helen Turner, of Vossburg, Mississippi, like her predecessor, Helen of Troy, is quite irresistible.

"Her overpowering presence makes you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

Annie Whatley, Opelika, Alabama.

"She would sleep and sleep! My, how that girl would sleep!" She slept in church and she slept at lectures of the most humorous kind, but she never had enough sleep. Annie is, however, quite wide awake when receptions are mentioned or when there is anything "doing" connected with her executive work. She has made as able and as popular a president for this distinguished band as does Woodrow Wilson for these United States.

Martha Wolfe, Speers Ferry, Virginia.

"Now 'Marthy' moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes and simpers on her lips;
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;
To some she curtsies and to some she dips."

Myrtle Wolfe, Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

"Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad!
Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad!
But the gladness of her gladness
And the sadness of her sadness
Are not in it with her madness when she's mad."
"The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea."

Gladys Yawn, Lumberton, Mississippi.

"Who has not looked upon her brow
Has never dreamed of perfect bliss;
But once to see her is to know
What truth, what perfection is."

Gladys is not unlike the wandering sheep that went astray, for she keeps her poor little sister out asking, "Have you seen Gladys?"

Something About the Juniors

I HAVE been requested to write "Something about the Juniors." The subject is rather indefinite as well as difficult. Now to add insult to injury, this something must rhyme. I'm far too prosaic to write poems. I'll say one thing in behalf of the Juniors—I'm one of them. Isn't that enough?

Dear classmates, with trembling
I address you,
May each word I'm speaking,
but caress you,

What can I say for these,
my friends I love?
Oh! dear, I can't make a
rhyme! (Stars above!)

Inspiration, help me in each
fond name—
To recall a virtue of the
same—

And tell the world in musical
numbers,
Of our class—(all I can think
of is cucumbers!)

'Tis very hard for me to write
in rhyme—
As perhaps my readers can see,
by this time—

In vain I offered my service
in prose—
The class poem must be poetry—
(everybody knows).

How can I atone for my hideous
sin?
'Twas their mistake, not mine—
to begin—

I told them I could not, I was not,
and did not—
They insisted 'twas modesty,
so it fell to my lot

And I assure you I've done my
best this time,
Don't blame me entirely
for this artistic crime—

I trust the saints will
freely forgive—
And I'll "never again," as long
as I live.

HELEN WARD FIELDER, '14.

P. S.

I forgot, I'm afraid,
my subject to state—
The Juniors—believe me!
they're JUST GREAT!

Sophomore Class

Motto

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus

Colors
Purple and Gold

Flower
Violet

Yell

One a zippa!
Two a zippa!
Three a zippa zam!
Sophomore, Sophomore!
Beat us if you can!

OFFICERS

MAUDE ELIZABETH REYNOLDS . . . . . President
VIRGINIA SUSAN GODWIN . . . . . Vice-President
ZOE WETMUR . . . . . Secretary
LUCY KATHERINE FUQUA . . . . . Treasurer
MARGARET HAYNES . . . . . Poet
LEN PRIVETT . . . . . Historian
MISS BROWN . . . . . Teacher

ROLL

NELL AKARD
MINNIE DALRYMPLE
KATHERINE FUQUA
VIRGINIA GODWIN
MABEL HAMILTON
MARGARET HAYNES
RUTH JAMES
NAN JACKSON
MARGARET KELLY
STELLA LONG
LETTIE NELSON
VIOLET PARSONS
LEN PRIVETT
MAUDE REYNOLDS
EDITH ROLLINS
VIRGINIA SUTHERLAND
RUTH SUTHERLAND
MAYME SPARGER
ZOE WETMUR
LYDIE WILLIAMS
STELLA WAGNER
FANNIE LOIS YAWN

1915

Sophomore History

AS FRESHMEN are green and green things have no history worth mentioning, it will be well to pass over the trials and tribulations of last year's Freshmen. However, this much is due them—they survived the impositions of the teachers, the commands of the "dignified Seniors," the insolence of the know-it-all Juniors and the cruelty of the very superior young ladies who were then, as we are now, called Sophs. And ten of us were brave enough to return this year.

The Soph. Class was organized with due ceremony, electing Maude Reynolds, president; Virginia Godwin, vice-president; Zoe Wetmur, secretary; Katherine Fuqua, treasurer; Margaret Haynes, poet, and Miss Brown, teacher.

Ever since we landed in Bristol, on the nineteenth of September, we have been showing folks what great things can be accomplished by Sophs. We are smart and we know it(kindly disregard the result of the mid-term Virgil exam!). We can play basket-ball and we know it. We can play tennis and we know it. In fact, we are capable of doing everything and we know it.

In 1915, Sullins will be proud of us, for we intend to do wonderful things. The shadows of greatness hang upon us.

LEN PRIVETT, F. L. S., '15

Sophomore Class Poem

S stands for "Sullins," to which the class is true
O stands for "obedience," found in our class, too.
P stands for "punctuality" at meals, at work, at play.
H stands for "hungry"—were we "Sophs" ever that way?
O NOW, stands for "order" in which our Class is always found.
M stands for "mascots," to whom our Class is bound.
O NOW, stands for "only"—meaning twenty-four girls, that's all.
R stands for "rules," such as "don't congregate in the hall."
E dear girls, stands for "eternity," through which we'll be true

To the Sophomore Class, Alma Mater, and 1915.
Here's to you!

MARGARET HAYNES, '15.

Irregular Class

Colors
Violet and Green

Flower
Violet

OFFICERS

FLORENCE COLE . . . . . President
SALLIE SUSONG . . . . . Vice-President
JENNIE RHEA OWEN . . . . . Secretary
MARGARET SEATON . . . . . Treasurer
MISS LACY . . . . . Teacher

MEMBERS

NELL BAYLOR
BONNIE BUTLER
MAY BUTLER
AILEEN COLE
FLORENCE COLE
ELEANOR CURTIN
BESSIE DUTTON
MAY FRENCH DUVAL
IRIS FINLEY
ANNIE JAMES HOUSE
NANCY McCHESNEY
JENNIE RHEA OWEN
MARGARET SEATON
MATTIE STRALEY
SALLIE SUSONG

Special Class

Colors
Purple and Gold

Flower
Purple Pansy

OFFICERS

JUANITA MEREDITH . . . . . President

EFFIE GULLIFORD . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

MARY CUMMINGS, JUANITA MEREDITH . . . . . Art Critics

ROLL

BESS BROOKS
RUTH CARLOCK
VERA COMPTON
MARY CUMMINGS
SUSAN FOLLANSBEE
LUNETTE FULLER
EFFIE GULLIFORD
LELIA HEDRICK
ANNIE LAURIE HOLLOWAY
MAYME LOVE
JUANITA MEREDITH
ARMOUR NEIGHBORS
BLANCHE PAYNE
PEARL PEPPER
LOUISE PEERY
EVA MAE PETERS
FREDDIE SCOTT
MARY KENT STUBBLEFIED
MARY WORLEY
HELEN WHITE

Stephenson-Meredith

The Primary Class, 1913

Motto
Strive for the things that are the best.

Colors
White and Gold

Flower
Daisy

Members

HELEN BAYLOR
BERTHA BAKER
LUCILE BUNN
THELMA BREWER
HAZEL BALLARD
MARSH CUNNINGHAM
LAYNE DUVAL
HAROLD DAVIS
ELIZABETH DOSSER
KING FAIDLEY
RUBY FAIDLEY
HELEN GORMANY
SARAH HAMMER

NANNIE RUTH BAYLOR, Mascot

Members

IRENE HEDDEN
VIVIAN KING
LUCILE LOVE
IRENE McDOWELL
ANNIE MAE MIXON
ROBERTA MILLER
GEORGE MANUSS
SARA OWEN
ANNIE MAE REPASS
JENNIE REPASS
CORNELIA SIMPSON
KATHLENE WRIGHT
MARA E. UMHOLTZ

T–wenty-five ambitious beginners are we,
H–ard working and earnest, don't you see?
E–ver striving to do our level best.

P–erhaps we will win and beat all the rest.
R–ight funny and frolicsome we sometimes appear,
I–n some future day from us you may hear.
M–erry and happy we always try to be,
A–nd in this we succeed, you will all agree.
R–egretting all which we cannot do,
Y–et accomplishing something worthy, too.

C–leaving to all that seems to be best.
L–eaning on the future to finish the rest.
A–djusting ourselves to lessons hard and long.
S–o we will strive to keep from all wrong,
S–inging gaily "Cheerfulness," our song

SARAH OWEN, One of Them.

Deep and Slick

DETECTIVE Burns was aroused from his reveries by a gentle knock on his door. On opening it, he saw nothing, at first, in the dark passage-way. Then a heavily-veiled woman stepped into the room. "Detective Burns?" she inquired in a voice quite as gentle as her knock had been. Burns bowed, and gave her a look of polite inquiry. The woman raised her veil and Burns beheld the beautiful face of Mrs. Black, a rich society woman. If Burns was surprised, his calm face gave no hint of it, for concealing his emotions was a part of his business. For over an hour, the two were engaged in an earnest conversation. When the woman left his office, she had evidently been greatly relieved by something that he had said.

About two days after this occurrence, in another office, another man was sitting. This was the office of the president of a preparatory school for boys; the man was the president. As on the other occasion, a knock sounded at the door. The office boy entered, and announced that the "new boy" wished to see the president. A few minutes later, a tall, well-built, handsome youth entered the room.

"Mr. Templeton told me that you wanted to see me, sir," he said in a well-modulated voice. The president, Mr. Davis, did not reply at once, but merely indicated a seat, facing him, where he wanted the boy to sit. He measured the boy all the while and concluded that he was no ordinary youth. He had spoken respectfully, but the president caught a lurking gleam of mischief in his deep, blue eyes.

"So you are paying your own expenses?" the president finally asked. He received an affirmative reply and then continued, "Have you no parents or guardian?"

"No, sir," said the boy, regretfully.

After a few commonplace remarks, they began to discuss the work that the boy intended to take up. Finally, the president arose and told Doyle Deep to follow him. As they were crossing the campus, Mr. Davis called one of the boys to him.

"Mr. Chase, meet Mr. Deep, to whom I want you to show the buildings. Introduce him to the other boys."

Then Mr. Davis left the two boys together. They eyed each other for a time until Ralph Chase, who was a fat, jolly lad broke out into a hearty laugh. "Come, Deepy, old boy, let's shake hands and be friends." At this, the other boy smiled sweetly and extended his hand. At first a look of surprise took the place of amusement that had been on the face of the fat boy, as he felt his hand gripped as if by a hand of steel. Then fear became predominant as the grasp tightened. In another moment, he began to beg for mercy. Deep loosened his hold. The fat boy was at first inclined to be resentful, but that was contrary to his nature, so he began to laugh heartily.

"Oh, say," he said, "I would give a pretty if you would do that to some of the fellows I know. Wouldn't they be mad, though? How do you do that, Deepy?"

"Oh, that's nothing," responded the enigmatical boy.

"Well, come on, and let's go meet some of the other fellows." He conducted the new boy over to the gymnasium where the boys were engaged in all sorts of work. At the door of the gymnasium, they met another boy, who was going out. He was a slim, dark boy called Oliver Slick. The fat boy, who seemed addicted to the use of y's, called the slim boy to him.

"Come here, Slicky," he said, "and meet the new boy."

Slick came over, thinking to have some fun with the new boy. He was very conceited about his strength and thought that he would astonish the new boy by a display of his power. He sought to obtain a strong grip on Deep's hand, when, to his surprise, his own was gripped in an even stronger clasp. In a few moments he was dancing about in pain and begging for mercy. When Deep finally released him, Slick's face was as dark as a thunder cloud and he seemed ready to leap on the new boy. He was restrained by Chase reminding him that he was in the gymnasium.

As he passed Deep, he growled, "I'll get you for that yet." Chase wanted Deep to display his prowess further, but this, Deep refused to do. Ralph then introduced him to a crowd of boys, among whom was an attractive, blond boy named Albert Black. Doyle seemed to take quite a fancy to Black, but the rest of the boys soon claimed his attention by insisting that he would show what he could do. He protested that he knew nothing about gymnasium work, but the boys would not be put off in such a fashion. They put boxing gloves on him and one of the other boys, who was to be his antagonist stepped up to begin wrestling. But Doyle stood as if nonplussed. His blue eyes looked like a baby's, pleading for help. When he looked at the boys, they broke into a shout of laughter. Sam Green, the other boy, struck him and he weakly attempted to return the blow. As Sam's blows began to grow quicker and the other boys more amused, they received the surprise of their lives. Deep seemed suddenly to have waked up and soon "downed" his antagonist. In all other things which the boy insisted on Deep trying, he acted the same way—at first pretended that he knew nothing about them and then proved that he knew more than any one else. Some of the boys began to hail him as a favorite, already, but a few, like Oliver Slick and his crowd, decided to hate him.

A few days after the advent of the new boy, Ralph Chase hurried into the president's office with a very worried look on his face. Some one had stolen his watch and some money from him. The president advised him to say nothing of the affair to the other boys and to keep a sharp look-out, for the present. After that, boys went to the president's office frequently, reporting losses. A few subtle hints, dropped by Oliver Slick, soon cast suspicion on the new boy, whom he hated.

One day, on returning from the gymnasium, Ralph Chase saw Doyle Deep come out of Oliver Slick's room, looking around stealthily for any chance passer. Chase quickly hid himself in a corner and as Deep passed him, he heard him give a sigh of relief. Then Doyle

entered his own room. Next day, Oliver Slick reported the loss of a large amount of money. Ralph told the president of the previous day's occurrence, but the president thought it would be wiser to defer action on this matter until they returned from their annual camping trip.

Next week, the boys started for their camp. A good many of the boys avoided having anything to do with Deep, on account of the suspicions against him, but Doyle went with them nevertheless. Opposite the island on which they were camping was another smaller island, which was said to be haunted. After the boys had pitched their tents, they decided to explore it. Deep was more daring, so he resolved to go—besides, he had a reason of his own. But he did not visit the island that day. At night, after every one was asleep in camp, he took his canoe and started for the island. The shore loomed dark and forbidding before him, but he was not daunted. As he neared the beach, he heard a deep, sepulchral voice saying, "Beware! Keep off!" Still he proceeded. After landing, he had walked but a short distance from the shore when he came to an old house. As he started to look in a window, a hideous face appeared at it and said, in an awful voice, "Go back while you may!" All this to Deep was but an interesting experience, so he decided to go on. He stumbled along in the dark, until suddenly his foot caught in something and he fell head long. As he did so, the whole island seemed to ring with funeral bells. If Deep could have heard it, it would have made even his blood run cold. But he was deaf to all sounds, for when he fell, something struck him on the head, rendering him unconscious.

When he came to his senses, he was in his boat, drifting around the lake. Deep picked up the oars, which had been left in the boat, and quickly rowed back to camp.

He was now determined on his course. Next day, he asked the president and several boys to go to the island with him, particularly desiring Oliver Slick's company. Oliver protested that he was afraid, but Deep would take no refusal, so he had to go. When they landed on the island, they had no warning voice to greet them. Deep left the old house for future inspection. As he expected, he found a string stretched across the path. When the string was touched, a number of bells would ring. This seemed to make a kind of alarm system for some purpose or other. As they proceeded into the island, Deep missed Slick. On inquiring for him, he was not to be found. They ran quickly back to the boats and saw Slick had escaped in one of them. He had not gone very far and the boys overtook him, after a brief chase. He was brought back to the island and forced to go with them in their search. They soon came to another old, deserted-looking house. When they went in, they discovered a counterfeiter's outfit. Slick's face, by this time, was livid. He began to beg for mercy.

Deep turned upon him and asked, "Where is the stolen property of these boys?" Slick then told them the whole story of how he had sent the money and valuables, which he had stolen from the boys, to these counterfeiters. He said that the valuables were now hidden in the first old house, that they had seen. Among the things returned to the boys were some things belonging to Albert Black, not hitherto known to have been lost. Black confessed that he had told no one but his mother of his loss.

That night, the police from a neighboring city arrested the counterfeiters, as they were entering the old house. Slick had to share their punishment.

This affair broke up the camping party. As they were returning to the college, Ralph shyly told Doyle about his suspicions of him. Deep laughed heartily and told Ralph that he entered Slick's room to obtain some information. While there, he had learned of the counterfeiters by reading one of Slick's letters. Deep was the hero of the hour, when they reached the school.

But the president was not yet satisfied.

He walked up to Deep and asked, "Why did you take so much interest in this case?"

Deep smiled enigmatically and without replying drew from his pocket a false beard which he put on.

At first, the president and the boys could do nothing but stare. When they recovered themselves, they exclaimed, in unison, "Detective Burns!"

ESTELLE REDDING, '13, F. L S.

The Fable of the Young Maiden

(With Apologies to George Ade.)

ONCE there was a Young Woman who was a Member of the Associated Society of Ambitiously Afflicted Idiots. She couldn't Help it. She was Born that Way. When she was Quite Young her Parents Induced her to believe that She was It. "How Cute is Mabel," they said. And "How well Our Darling Child can Sing"—and "I do wish People would Stop telling Qood-lums how Pretty she Is" the Fond Mama would sigh.

The Result was that form of Hopelessly Spoiled, Totally unconscious Human which You and I know so well.

When Mabel had Reached the Age of sixteen and learned to Chew Gum and Play "The Maiden's Prayer" (without the Music), her Parents Sent her to Sullins to Cultivate this Budding Genius. Not because They had any Grudge against Her (you Understand), but Just Because it was The Thing to Do.

It was Then that Qood-lums received the Surprise of her Young Life. The Town did NOT turn out en-masse to Greet Her at the Train. There was no Big Brass Band. When she Arrived at Sullins the Whole Student Body and all the Members of the Faculty were NOT Lined-up on the Campus to get a look at Her as She came In. She had been There at least a Week before Anybody even Asked her to Sing. And When she played "The Wayside Chapel" the Girls gave her the Merry ha-ha and Requested her to Please "Turn off the Soul Slush." This was Annoying to her Artistic Temperament. She was worried. She tried Handing them Out a Line of Dope about her Daddy's Money—made in Liquid Green Soap. But It didn't Take. She was Flabbergasted (Astonished). At Last she tried Bribing them with Chocolates and Other Edibles. They all Ate (but they Ran Away with the Bait). Qood-lums Realized that she was not One of Them.

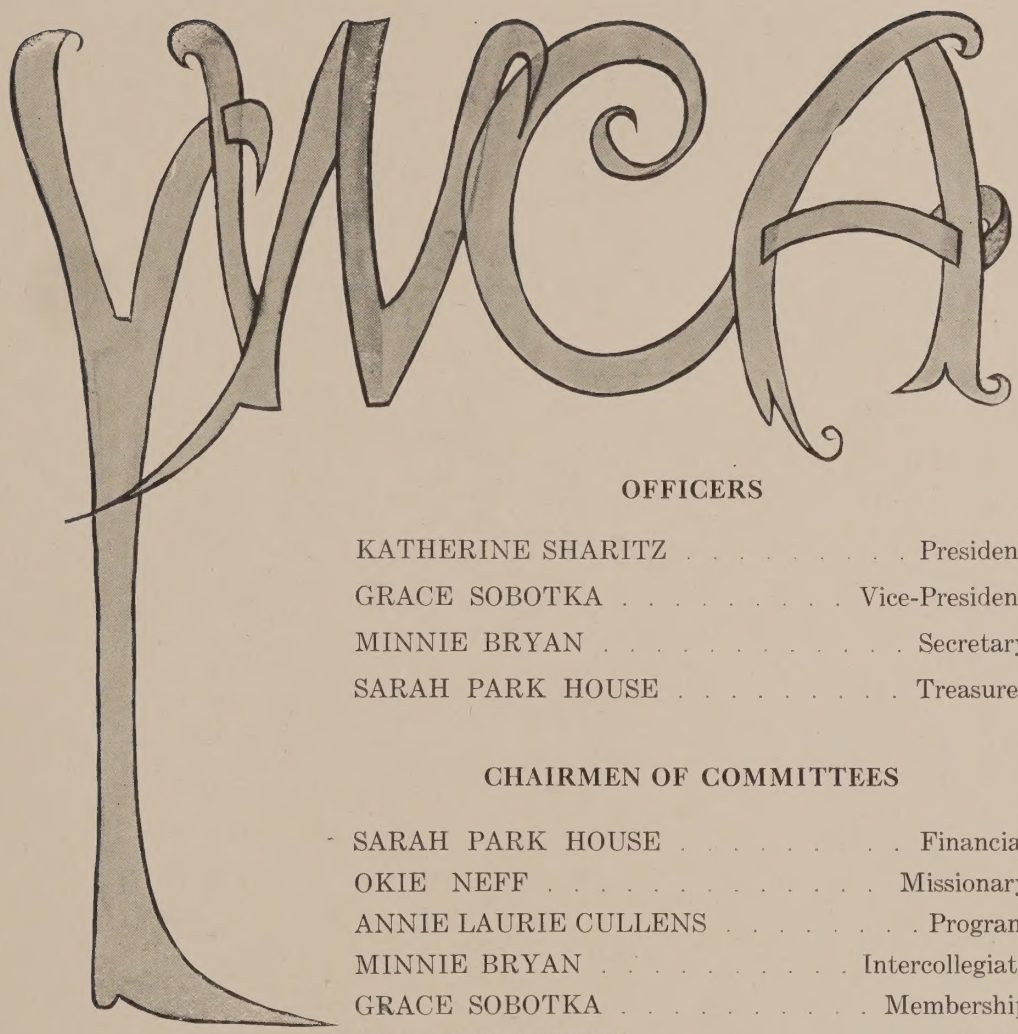
By Degrees she was Made to Understand that She was Only an Ordinary Human who could not even play "The Skeleton Rag" or make a Good pan of "Divinity." She faded into Meloncholia. What right did She have to Live, Miserable Worm that She was? Her Humility was Heart-Rending. Some of the Girls took Pity on Her and Initiated her into Some foolish Little Club. And it Came to Pass that she was Made Whole and fitted into Her Groove very nicely (after some Grinding and Screwing which was a Trifle Painful). The Joy of Life was Hers. She had come into Her Own.

But her Parents were Disappointed. They Discourage too much Education. They think it Ruined Qood-lums. She lost all her Pride and Ambition. But she has a Great Many Friends.

Moral! Every Poison has its Antidote.

HELEN WARD FIELDER, '14, C. L. S.

ORGANIZATIONS



OFFICERS

KATHERINE SHARITZ . . . . . President
GRACE SOBOTKA . . . . . Vice-President
MINNIE BRYAN . . . . . Secretary
SARAH PARK HOUSE . . . . . Treasurer

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

SARAH PARK HOUSE . . . . . Financial
OKIE NEFF . . . . . Missionary
ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS . . . . . Program
MINNIE BRYAN . . . . . Intercollegiate
GRACE SOBOTKA . . . . . Membership
ADA PENNINGTON . . . . . Social

Watchword:

"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Clionian Literary Society

Motto

"Forti et fideli nihil difficile."

Colors
Blue and Gold

Flower
Chrysanthemum

OFFICERS

First Term

ARMOUR NEIGHBORS . . . . . President
LAURA LYMAN . . . . . Vice-President
FRANCES BARKER . . . . . Secretary
ANNIE L. HOLLOWAY . . . . Treasurer
MINNIE DALRYMPLE . . . . . Marshal
LOUISE WILLIAMS . . . . . Librarian

Second Term

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MARY CUMMINGS . . . . . Secretary
ANNIE WHATLEY . . . . . Treasurer
AILEEN COLE . . . . . Marshal
OKIE NEFF . . . . . Librarian
CALVIN HANKINS . . . . . Critic

Third Term

ADA PENNINGTON . . . . . President
MAE CATRON . . . . . Vice-President
HELEN FIELDER . . . . . Secretary
CALVIN HANKINS . . . . . Treasurer
MARGARET KELLY . . . . . Marshal
EVA PETERS . . . . . Librarian
ARMOUR NEIGHBORS . . . . . Critic

MEMBERS

BULER, MAE
BUTLER, BONNIE
BUTLER, DUA
BARKER, FRANCES
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CARR, BAILEY
COLE, AILEEN
COLE, FLORENCE
CUMMINGS, MARY
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DUNLAP, ANNIE BELLE
EIFFERT, LUCILE
FIELDER, HELEN
HOLLOWAY, ANNIE LAURIE
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HANKINS, CALVIN
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KIRKPATRICK, MRS.
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LYMAN, LAURA
LOVE, MAYME
McCRADY, MAGGIE
MILLER, CARRIE MAE
McADORY, MISS
MEREDITH, JAUNITA
NEFF, OKIE
NEIGHBORS, ARMOUR
NEIGHBORS, WILLIAM
NELSON, LETTIE
PENNINGTON, ADA
PORTER, SALLIE
PETERS, EVA
RYE, MISS
SUSONG, SALLIE
SEATON, MARGARET
TATUM, CORNELIA
WORLEY, MARY
WILLIAMS, LOUISE
WHATLEY, ANNIE
WILKINSON, MARY
WILKINSON, BLANCHE
WILKINSON, LILLIAN

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MISS CELIA T. BRINSON
MR. AND MRS. LOUIS ALBERTI
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PROF. BODELL
MRS. BEN JAMES
DR. CARLOCK
MR. GEORGE TAYLOR
MR. OLIVER TAYLOR
SULLINS COLLEGE ORCHESTRA
MADAMOISELLE FLEURY
JUDGE AND MRS. ST. JOHN

Farisonion Literary Society

Colors

Black and Gold

Flower

Golden Rod

Motto

Esse Quam Videri

FIRST TERM OFFICERS

REBECCA LOWDER . . . . . President
GRACE SOBOTKA . . . . . Vice-President
SUE KOLB . . . . . Secretary
CATE BROWN . . . . . Treasurer
WILLIE JONES . . . . . Censor
LIDA ROGERS . . . . . Critic
NANNIE SUE HOGE . . . . . Librarian
NELL HALE . . . . . Monitor

SECOND TERM OFFICERS

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS . . . . . President
NELLE PLATT . . . . . Vice-President
MARGARET BOOTHE . . . . . Secretary
MINNIE BRYAN . . . . . Treasurer
GLADYS YAWN . . . . . Censor
ALMA McCOY . . . . . Critic
KATHARINE SHARITZ . . . . . Librarian
LYDIE WILLIAMS . . . . . Monitor

MEMBERS

Grace Abney
Clarice Alvis
Minnie Bryan
Bess Brooks
Marjorie Brooks
Cate Brown
Miss Corinne Brown
Carrine Buchanan
Margaret Boothe
Elizabeth Branhan
Hazel Ballard
Annie Laurie Cullens
Ruth Carlock
Pearl Cole
Bess Cubine
Frances Dickenson
Blanche Espy
Lunette Fuller
Miss Harriet Fillinger
Susan Follansbee
Iris Finley
Ethel Galloway
Virginia Godwin
Eurene Gilkey
Fannie Mae Gray
Nell Hale
Nannie Sue Hoge
Mrs. P. A. House
Sarah Park House
Annie James House
Vernon Hybart
Lelia Hedrick
Mary Horne
Willie Jones
Nan Jackson
Jettie Johnson
Margaret Kelly
Sue Kolb
Rebecca Lowder
Lucile Love
Geneva Livesay
Miss Leslie Lacy
Ralls Lacey
Mary Mimms
Mabel Mixon
Annie Mae Mixon
Mr. J. E. Mears
Alma McCoy
Ruth McMaster
Eva Oglesby
Sarah Owen
Jennie Rhea Owen
Pearl Pepper
Len Privett
Lottie Patterson
Violet Parsons
Fannie Lois Yawn
Louise Peery
Nelle Platt
Mary Emma Parker
Blanche Payne
Foy Reynolds
Maude Reynolds
Estelle Redding
Lida Rogers
Katherine Sharitz
Dr. G. W. Summers
Grace Sobotka
Freddie Scott
Gussie Mae Stallings
Mary Kent Stubblefield
Ollie Mae Snodgrass
Nancy Smythe
Elizabeth Scott
Helen Turner
Mr. A. G. Vredenburg
Zoe Wetmur
Ollie May White
Myrtle Wolfe
Lena Wolfe
Martha Wolfe
Helen White
Myrtis Weems
Lydie Williams
Gladys Yawn

Virginia Poem

The roses nowhere bloom so white
As in Virginia;
The sunshine seems nowhere so bright
As in Virginia,
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long
As in Virginia;
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As in Virginia,
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the James goes rolling by
Down in Virginia.

There is a land nowhere so fair
As old Virginia;
So full of song so free of care
As old Virginia;
And I believe that Happy Land
That God's prepared for mortal man
Is built exactly on the plan
Of old Virginia.

Virginia Club

Colors
Colonial Blue and Buff

Flower
Virginia Creeper

OFFICERS

OLLIE MAY WHITE . . . . . President
MAE CATRON . . . . . Vice-President
NAN JACKSON . . . . . Secretary
CATE BROWN . . . . . Treasurer
DIXIE McCRARY . . . . . Poet

MEMBERS

Clarice Alvis
Ella Arnold
Hazel Ballard
Bertha Baker
Nell Baylor
Cate Brown
Miss Brown
Carrine Buchanan
Lucile Bunn
Mae Catron
Aileen Cole
Florence Cole
Pearl Cole
Grace Copeland
Margaret Corns
Janette Cowan
Jamie Lee Cox
Frances Dickenson
Mae Duvall
Lucile Eiffert
Miss Fillinger
Susan Follansbee
Katherine Fuqua
Mary Goodell
Annie Godsey
Nell Hale
Pearl Harmon
Nannie Sue Hoge
Mary Horne
Ruth James
Nan Jackson
Margaret Kelly
Mrs. Kirkpatrick
Mary Kirkpatrick
Miss Lacey
Lillian Lewis
Rebecca Lowder
Dixie McCrary
Maggie McCrary
Ruby McDowell
Mr. Mears
Carrie Mae Miller
Marie Morley
Lettie Nelson
Okie Neff
Louise Peery
Ada Pennington
Pearl Pepper
Sallie Porter
Stella Prater
Edith Rollins
May Rutherford
Katherine Sharitz
Nancye Smythe
Dr. Summers
Lillian Summers
Rose Summers
Cornelia Tatum
Virginia Toblar
Josephine Warren
Helen White
Ollie May White
Lillian Wilkinson
Mary Wilkinson
Lena Wolfe
Martha Wolfe
Myrtle Wolfe
Josephine Young

Virginia Club

North Carolina Club

Colors
Light Blue and White

Flower
Goldenrod

OFFICERS

ZOE WETMUR . . . . . President
EVA OGLESBY . . . . . First Vice-President
EURENE GILKEY . . . . . Second Vice-President
ANNA BELLE DUNLAP . . . . . Secretary
MARY EMMA PARKER . . . . . Treasurer

Alabama Club

Song

"When Dat Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam."

Colors

Crimson and White

Flower

Red Carnation

OFFICERS

GRACE SOBOTKA . . . . . President

SUE KOLB . . . . . Vice-President

LAURA LYMAN . . . . . Secretary

FREDDIE SCOTT . . . . . Treasurer

ALABAMA CLUB ROLL

FRANCES BARKER

BESS BROOKS

MARJORIE BROOKS

VERA COMPTON

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS

IRIS FINLEY

VERNON HYBART

ANNIE LAURIE HOLLOWAY

SUE KOLB

LAURA LYMAN

MISS McADORY

ALMA McCOY

DR. NEIGHBORS

LEN PRIVETT

FOY REYNOLDS

MAUDE REYNOLDS

MISS RYE

FREDDIE SCOTT

ALMA SNEAD

GRACE SOBOTKA

GUSSIE MAE STALLINGS

OLLIE MAE SNODGRASS

LOUISE WILLIAMS

ANNIE WHATLEY

Tennessee Club

OFFICERS

LIDA ROGERS . . . . . President

NELLE PLATT . . . . . Vice-President

LELIA HEDRICK . . . . . Secretary

MEMBERS

NELL AKARD
BONNIE BUTLER
DUA BUTLER
MAE BUTLER
FLORENCE CROWELL
MARSH CUNNINGHAM
MYRTLE CHILDRESS
MRS. FORBES
ANNIE GODSEY
SARAH PARK HOUSE
ANNIE JAMES HOUSE
MARGARET HAYNES
STELLA LONG
MARY MIMMS
ARMOUR NEIGHBORS
JENNIE RHEA OWEN
RACHEL PEOPLES
VERNIE STEPHENSON
SALLIE SUSONG
MARGARET SEATON
STELLA WAGNER

V. Stephenson '13

Kentucky Club

Song

"My Old Kentucky Home."

Colors

Brown and Gold

Flower

Black-eyed Susan

OFFICERS

ETHEL GALLOWAY . . . . . President

JAUNITA MEREDITH . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

ETHEL GALLOWAY

JAUNITA MEREDITH

"United we stand, divided we fall."

Mississippi Club

Motto

"Noblisse Oblige"

Colors

Green and White

Flower

Magnolia

OFFICERS

MABEL G. MIXON . . . . . President

MARGARET BOOTHE . . . . . Vice-President

ESTELLE REDDING . . . . . Secretary

LYDIE WILLIAMS . . . . . Treasurer

BLANCHE PAYNE, GLADYS YAWN . . . . . Artists

MEMBERS

MISS DRAKE

MRS. HOUSE
HELEN TURNER
FANNIE MAE GRAY
LUCILE LOVE
LYDIE WILLIAMS
BLANCHE PAYNE
ANNIE MAE MIXON
MINNIE DALRYMPLE
GLADYS YAWN

MRS. LOVE
FANNIE LOIS YAWN
MARGARET BOOTHE
MAMYE LOVE
MARY KENT STUBBLEFIELD
VIOLET PARSONS
MABEL MIXON
ESTELLE REDDING
BAILEY CARR

MISSISSIPPI

Florida

Where a fertile plain doth rise,
Southward 'neath warm, sunny skies,
Resembling those of Paradise.
That's Florida.

Where the sunshine and rain
Falling on a fertile plain
Produce the best fruit and grain.
That's Florida.

Where a soft, balmy breeze
Gently rustles fruitful trees,
While their owners take their ease.
That's Florida.

Where the sun, in daily round,
Seems to smile as he looks down
On country, mart and town.
That's Florida.

Florida Club

Song
"Florida, My Florida."

Colors
Orange and Green

Flower
Orange Blossom

OFFICERS

CALVIN RAHN HANKINS . . . . . President
ELIZABETH BRANHAM . . . . . Vice-President

MEMBERS

CALVIN RAHN HANKINS ELIZABETH BRANHAM

HONORARY MEMBER
MR. LOUIS ALBERTI

Texas Club

Motto

"Quality not Quantity."

Colors

Blue and Red

Flower

Cactus

Chief Occupation

Talking Texas

OFFICERS

RUTH CARLOCK . . . . . President
HELEN WARD FIELDER . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

RUTH CARLOCK HELEN WARD FIELDER
MRS. W. S. NEIGHBORS

HONORARY MEMBERS—EMORY TEXAS CLUB

W. M. DEVEREAUX M. SENSEB
C. DEJERNETTE W. DIBRELL
S. C. KIKES H. MAHAFFEY
G. GRANT

West Virginia Club

Motto

"Montani Semper Liberi."

Colors

Old Gold and Blue

Flower

Rhododendron

Members

EULA BRUCE	Bluefield
MARY CUMMINGS	Sistersville
VIRGINIA GODWIN	Fort Springs
JETTIE JOHNSON	Anawalt

Chorus and Orchestra

MR. LOUIS ALBERTI . . . . . Conductor

MISS CORINNE BROWN . . . . . Accompanist

MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS

ELIZABETH BRANHAM	HELEN FIELDER	LILLIAN LEWIS
MARJORIE BROOKS	LUNETTE FULLER	MAMYE LOVE
CATE BROWN	FANNIE MAE GRAY	BERYL LITTLE
EULA BRUCE	EFFIE GULLIFORD	CARRIE M. MILLER
KATIE R. CARLOCK	CALVIN R. HANKINS	MARY E. PARKER
BAILEY CARR	ANNIE L. HOLLOWAY	ADA PENNINGTON
PEARL COLE	GLENNA KING	FREDDIE SCOTT
MARY CUMMINGS	KATHLEEN KING	MARY SWEET
FRANCES DICKENSON	LESLIE LACEY	

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

MISS ANNIE J. HOUSE,
MISS LAURA LYMAN,
MISS ARMOUR NEIGHBORS,
MISS VIOLET PARSONS,
MR. ALBERT G. VREDENBURG. . . . . Violins

MR. JAMES WYMAN . . . . . Viola

MISS ZOE WETMUR . . . . . Cello

MISS RUTH CARLOCK . . . . . Bass

MR. M. F. SHEA . . . . . Flute

MISS STELLA PRATER
MR. WILBUR HAYES . . . . . Clarinets

MISS F. L. YAWN . . . . . Cornet

MISS BESSIE BROOKS
MR. JAMES CHANCE . . . . . Trombones

Dramatic Club

Color	Flower
Violet	Violet

OFFICERS

PEARL HARMON . . . . . President

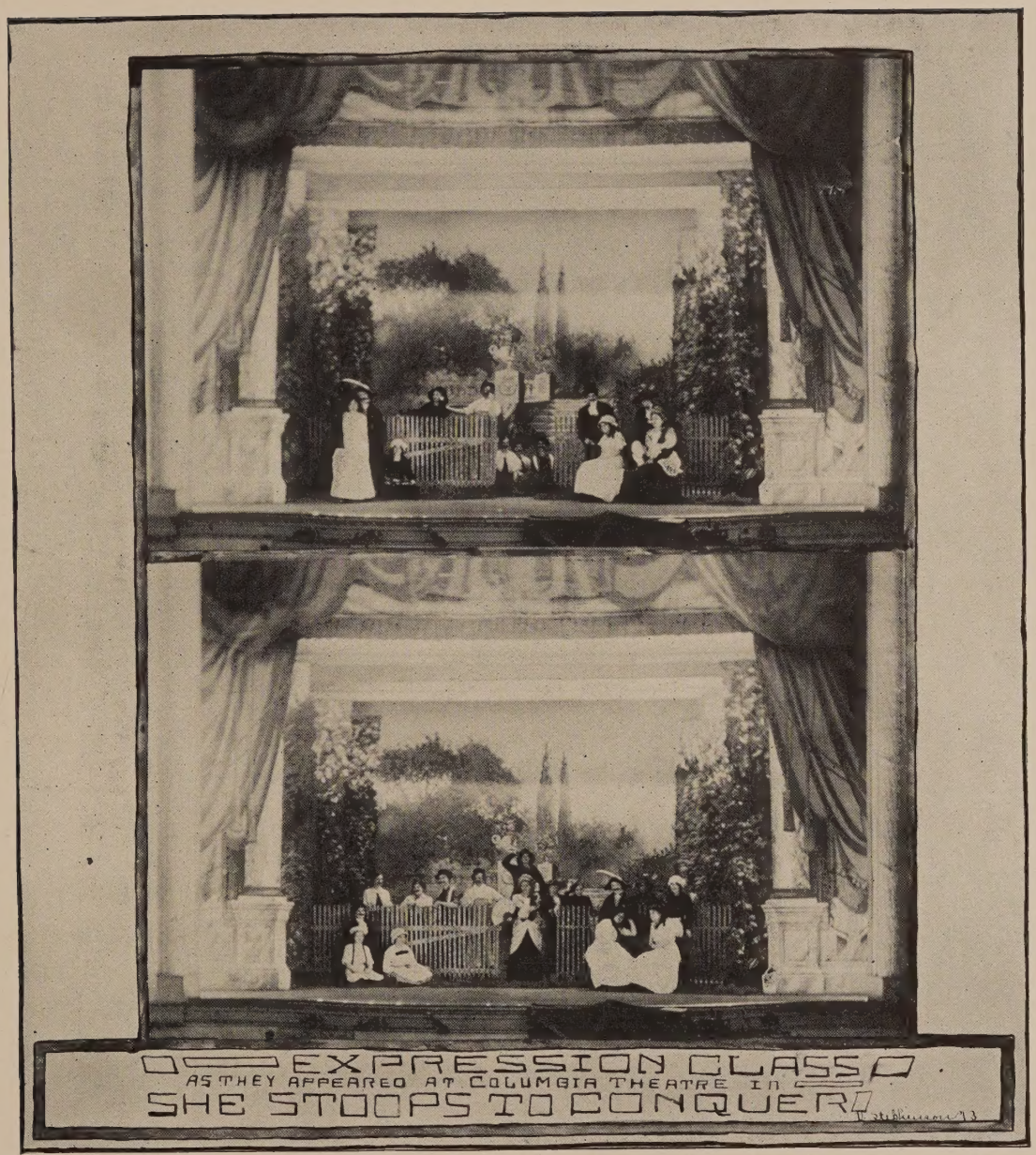
CORNELIA TATUM . . . . . Vice-President

ALMA McCOY . . . . . Secretary

LYDIE WILLIAMS . . . . . Treasurer

ROLL

VERNON HYBART
ELIZABETH SCOTT
CORNELIA TATUM
PEARL HARMON
ELEANOR CURTIN
NELL HALE
LOUISE WILLIAMS
ALMA McCOY
EVA OGLESBY
CLARICE ALVIS
LYDIE WILLIAMS
IRIS FINLEY
RUTH JAMES
MARY KENT STUBBLEFIELD
MYRTLE ARNOLD
CALVIN HANKINS
ETHEL GALLOWAY
JETTIE JOHNSON
EURENE GILKEY



EXPRESSION CLASS
AS THEY APPEARED AT COLUMBIA THEATRE IN
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER!

Art Club

Aim

To Cultivate the Beautiful

Colors

Lavender and Olive Green

Flower

Orchid

OFFICERS

MARY M. CUMMINGS . . . . . President
FRANCES BARKER . . . . . Vice-President
CORNELIA TATUM . . . . . Secretary
ARMOUR NEIGHBORS . . . . . Treasurer
MRS. MARY COLLIER FORBES . . . . . Secretary of State

MEMBERS

Barker, Frances
Baylor, Lillian
Bryan, Minnie Ruth
Broiles, Sarah
Butler, Dua
Butler, Mae
Buchanan, Carrine
Copeland, Grace
Cox, Ruth
Compton, Vera
Cummings, Mary
Davis, Mrs. Emma
Gulliford, Effie
House, Sarah Park
Hoge, Nannie Sue
Love, Mayme
Livesay, Geneva
Mimms, Mary
McCrary, Margaret
Meredith, Jaunita
Neighbors, Armour
Neff, Okie
Yawn, Gladys
Orr, Sarah
Peters, Eva
Payne, Blanche
Patterson, Lottie
Peery, Louise
Reynolds, Maude
Stephenson, Vernie
Sutherland, Virginia
Tatum, Cornelia
Wolfe, Lena
Weems, Myrtis

HONORARY MEMBERS

Blanchard, Van
Cole, Pearl
Banks, Sadie
House, Mrs. P. A.
King, Arthur
Kirkpatrick, Mrs. V. P.

To Mrs. Forbes

The second year is well nigh past
Since first with us your lot was cast,
Ah, would our years with thee could last!
Our teacher!

For well thou play'dst the teacher's part,
And all thy goodness, with magic art,
Has wound itself into each heart.
Our teacher!

Thy much admired expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
And ever charm, whate'er the theme.
Our teacher!

But such the love we give to thee
That all the gliding hours, we
The parting day must dread to see.
Our teacher!

But still we'll love, e'en though we part,
In summer days, or winter's heart,
Both thee and thy beloved art.
Our teacher!

And wheresoe'er our lots be cast
With fond remembrance of the past,
We'll bear thy counsels to the last,
Our teacher!

VERNIE STEPHENSON, '13

Le Club Francais

Motto

"La Fin Couronne l'ouevre."

MLLE. ANTOINETTE FLEURY . . . . . La Matîresse

LES MEMBRES

SUE KOLB	MARGARET BOOTHE	MARGARET KELLY
OKIE NEFF	ESTELLE REDDING	MINNIE BRYAN
MABEL MIXON	BLANCHE WILKINSON	ALMA SNEAD
RALLS LACY	ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS	LOUISE WILLIAMS
BESSIE CUBINE	SARAH PARK HOUSE	ANNIE WHATLEY
ANNIE GODSEY	MYRTLE CHILDRESS	MARJORIE BROOKS
	BLANCHE ESPY	

Un Pique-nique Francais

Le Club Francais a organisé un pique-nique an "Parc Virginia." Elles ont quitté le college à quatre heures et ont porté avec elles des paniers de provisions. En y arrivant quelques-unes ont bâti un petit furneau de briques sous de grands arbres, pendant que les autres ont ramassé du bois mort pour faire du fui. Mlle. Fleury, qui est un véritable cordon bleu, a fait cuire les poulets sur le fourneau. Pendant ci temps-la, quelques-unes des pensionairres ont joué leur jeu favori—"Jeux de Grâces." D'autres se sont amusees sur les nombreuses balancoires.

Quand les poulets etaient cuits à point, toutes les pensionn-aires étaient fatiquees et avient qrand faim. Elles ont mangé avec entrain beaucoup de poulet santé an beurre, du pain, des bananes, des raisins et les bonbons francais de M. Bodell. Enfin on a servi le souper.

Toutes se sont tant amusées qu'elles ont declaré qu'elles ne l' oublieraient jamais et qu'elles voudraient recommencer. Ensuite elles sont rentrés chez elles et y sont arrivées tout juste à tempe pour le diner.

Oh, la belle journée que nous avons passée ensemble an parc!

ESPY ET WILLIAMS.

Das Deutsche Kränzchen

MITGLIEDER

CATE BROWN . . . . . "Morgenstund"
Hat Gold im Mund."

DUA BUTLER . . . . . "Uebung macht den Meister."

JAMIE LEE COX . . . . . "Die Ziet bringt Rosen."

ANNIE BELLE DUNLAP . . . . . "Unkraut verdirbt nicht."

CARRIE MAE MILLER . . . . . "Woven das Herz woll ist
Geht der Mund uber."

LIDA ROGERS . . . . . "Kleine Topfe laufen bald uber."

KATHERINE SHARITZ . . . . . "Was du nicht willst das man dir thu',
Das fug auch keinen andern zu."

GRACE SOBOTKA . . . . . "Morgen, Morgen nur nicht heute
Sagen alle faulen Leute."

ZOE WETMUR . . . . . "Müssiggang ist aller Laster an fang."

FRAULEIN FLEURY . . . . . "Den Gelehrten ist gut predigen."

Chemistry Club

Colors
Venetian Red and Cobalt Blue

Flower
Flowers of Sulphur

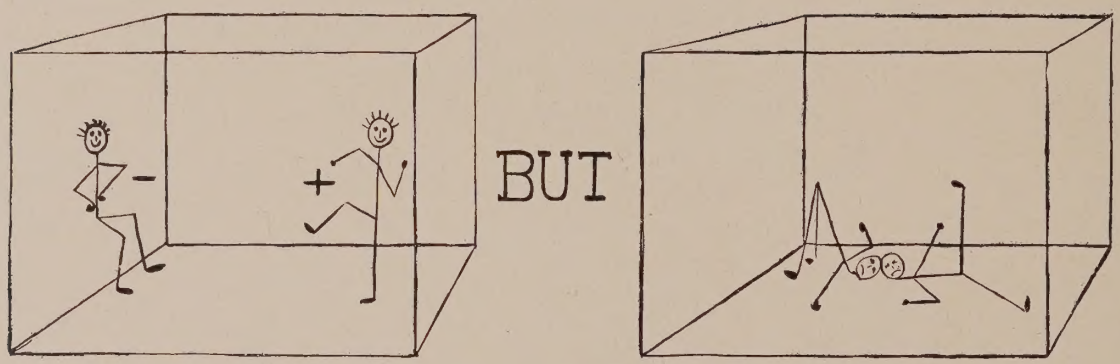
Jewel
Crystalized Carbon

Perfume
N_2S and Br.

Motto

"Divided we Stand

United we Fall."



ELECTROLYTIC DISSOCIATION

GRACE COPELAND + +
BESSIE CUBINE +
ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS — —
ANNIE BELLE DUNLAP —
LUCILE EIFFERT++
NELL HALE + +
SUE KOLB — —
MARY KIRKPATRICK +
RALLS LACEY +
REBECCA LOWDER — —
GENEVA LIVESAY +
MAGGIE McCRADY + + +
NELL PLATT — —
ROSE SUMMERS —
MYRTLE WOLFE — —
ANNIE WHATLEY — —
FANNIE LOIS YAWN — —

MISS FILLINGER . . . . . Catalyzer

NOTICE

In case of fire, use
$Na_2Co_3 + H_2So_4 = Na_2So_4 + Co_2 + H_2O$

Laboratorial Parlors

(Co_2 removed and O supplied by modern ventilators)
HOURS—4–6, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

MENU

(Everything served on tables of Ca Co_3, in glasses of $Na_2SiO_3 + Ca\ SiO_3$ and dishes of Al_2SiO. Everything spotlessly cleansed with $Na_2B_4O_7 + H_2O$ and disinfected with H_2O_2.)

Soups

$Ca(OH)_2$ Ag–25g
NH_2OH Ag–10g
Na OH Ag–15g

Miscelianeous

$C_nH_nO_n$, KNO_3, NaCl and CH_3CooH Ag–25g
Albumen, Sulphur, NaCl and CH_3CooH Ag–35g
H_2O, Flour, $(NH_4)_2Co_3$, $C_3H_5\ (C_8H_{35}O_2)_3 7$ NaCl Ag–15g
$C_3H_5(C_{18}H_{33}O_2)_3$ Ag–10g

Drinks—Soft and Otherwise

H_2O . . . . . Gratis
H_2Co_3—250% Ag–10g
Aqua Regia Au–5g
Aqua Ammonia Ag–10g
$C_6H_{12}O_6$ Au–10g

(Modern equipment; C_2H_2 Lights, "Bunsen" Cookers, al. Utensils and Asbestos Pads.)

Faded Flowers

ONCE they were two of a bunch—"the gang"—lively, jolly boys; now they were two old gentlemen, left alone. Once they were young, active business men each in partnership with his boyhood's companions; still the partnership was unbroken and would be continued when they should reach the other shore.

Arm in arm, they walked to town to settle some businesss matters. Men and boys, hurrying by them, tipped their hats respectfully; young women and girls gave them a cordial greeting; all of which they returned with beaming faces. They walked into the store where the busy bustling clerk assumed a softer expression and an easier manner as he came to wait on them. They noticed and appreciated all this.

As they toddled homeward, one of them stopped to put his hand on the head of a bright, dimpled baby—he enjoyed looking into the innocent eyes and caressing the tender head. But just then, a dog leaped up in protest. His attempt to appease the dog was in vain and only occasioned a snap and a low growl from the faithful protector.

They moved on, soon thankful to get back to their lonely little hut. It was late in the afternoon. Both sank on the steps in deep contemplation. Finally, one spoke the thought of both.

"Bill, we're out of harmony with the world. We are old and feeble and everybody and everything seems to emphasize the fact and impress it upon us. Of course they don't mean it—but those sweet smiles and favors, those protecting looks and greetings only tell us they are sorry for us and want to help us. Bill, we're alone in the world! Just you and me!" Their heads dropped.

"Look," he said. Just then a little humming bird beat the air around a bush near them. Passing the faded blossoms, it thrust its bill into a youthful flower of sweetest fragrance, then flew busily away. The old man's heart was touched. Tenderly, he broke the two ignored blossoms and caressed them sympathetically. Giving one to his friend, he took his seat again.

"Bill, they've done their work—life is over for them, they are good no more—nobody wants them or their company."

The sun sank in the west and darkness covered two old gentlemen sitting silent on the steps; each with a faded blossom in his hand.

A. L. C., '13, F. L. S.

Phina's Illness

"WHY doesn't the doctor come quick? Poor Phina is so sick!"

The little mother was indeed troubled, for all day long dolly had refused to open her eyes or talk, no matter how much she was urged.

"Fred, open the door, It must be Dr. Joe."

"Good evening, Doctor, we thought you'd never come—you know our Phina's so sick."

The youthful doctor laid aside his hat and cane and approached the sick dolly with a grave face.

"How long has she been ill?"

"Oh, for a whole day, an' she won't open her eyes a bit."

Dr. Joe examined Phina's pulse and shook her slightly, but her eyes would not open. If possible, they closed only the more tightly.

"Oh, Fred, our Phina's goin' to die," moaned the poor little mother.

"No, Alice, you must say 'while there is life there is hope,' and you've been prayin' too."

This seemed to comfort Alice a little, but a few tears would fall in spite of her efforts to be brave. She sat for some time gently rocking her sick dolly, while Fred and Dr. Joe looked on sympathetically.

"Dr. Joe, she fell off her bed last night, an' do you s'pose she hurt her head?"

"Well now, that may be the trouble," he answered, trying hard to imitate both the words and tone of a grown up doctor.

Phina's head was examined and sure enough a fracture was discovered in her skull. This was evidently the cause of the trouble, but the skill of the physician did not cover such extreme cases. He was somewhat at a loss to know what course he should pursue. After a few moments of thoughtful deliberation, he called for some bandages. Soon dolly's head was carefully bound up and she was then placed in her cradle.

Dr. Joe, thinking his services unnecessary for a time, bade Alice and Fred good-bye and departed. He was anxious to know the result of his experiment with the fractured skull, but he decided not to return before morning.

That evening after dinner, sleepy Fred forgot all about the doll, but poor little Alice was troubled. She told her mother about dolly's loss of sight and speech and refused to leave the sufferer even when bed time came.

Finally, the golden head drooped and the blue eyes closed. Mother came to take Alice to bed, and, as the little girl knelt to say her prayers, she asked Jesus to make her dolly's head well.

"He will, won't He, mamma, 'cause you said if we had faith He'd do what we asked Him."

When Phina's hurts were forgotten and Alice slept, her mother—not wishing to have the child's faith destroyed—examined the poor doll's head. She soon discovered the trouble with both the eyes and the voice, and was able to effect a cure. She, however, replaced the bandage just as Dr. Joe had left it.

As soon as Alice awoke, at eight the next day, she called for Dr. Joe and the little boys willingly resumed their part in the game. Fred answered the bell when Joe came, and led the way into the sick room. Very carefully the bandage was loosened and taken off, while the two children waited in almost breathless silence. Then as Dr. Joe slowly raised Phina to her feet, her eyes opened and she cooed contentedly.

"Oh, they do open, Fred!" cried the child mother.

"Yes, and she can speak again," said Dr. Joe.

"I b'lieved Jesus would make Phina well and He did, mamma, 'cause I asked Him to."

No one ever told the children the true story of Phina's cure. That would have been cruel, for the faith of a little child is too sweet and pure to be destroyed.

KATHERINE SHARITZ, '13, F. L. S.

FRIVOLITIES

The Quintette

Motto

"Keep on the Sunny Side."

Colors

Blue and White

Flower

Forget-Me-Not

Members

LUCILE LOVE
SARA OWEN
HAZEL BALLARD
ANNIE MAE MIXON
BERTHA BAKER

Yell

"Yell, yell,
Make a fuss
Yell for
"The Quintette,"
That's US!"

S. O. I.

(Organized 1911)

Motto

" 'Tis Folly to be Wise"

Colors

Green and White

Flower

Pink Carnation

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BRANHAM
MINNIE BRYAN
VERA COMPTON
BLANCHE ESPY
FANNIE MAE GRAY
EFFIE GULLIFORD
ANNIE LAURIE HOLLOWAY
LEN PRIVETT
ESTELLE REDDING
FREDDIE SCOTT
GRACE SOBOTKA
HELEN TURNER
ANNIE WHATLEY
LOUISE WILLIAMS
FANNIE LOIS YAWN
GLADYS YAWN

HONORARY MEMBERS

CAMILLE DREYFUS, '12
VIRGINIA GODFREY, '12
LOTTIE PATTERSON, '13

K. A. D.

Motto

"Kook and Devour."

Colors

Purple and White

Flower

Violet

MEMBERS

CATE BROWN

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS

SARAH PARK HOUSE

NAN JACKSON

MYRTLE WOLFE

SUE KOLB

ALMA McCOY

NELL PLATT

LYDIE WILLIAMS

ΑΚΔ
S.P. House '13

K. K. K.

KLUB KHARACTERS

KRANKY KRIPPLE

KURLY KRIMP

KUNNING KIRK

KRONIC KRANK

KLUMSEY KOW

KAN'T KATCHON

KRACKED KRANIUM

Kolors
Krimson and Krome

Kostume
Kimona

Kry
"Keep on Kramming."

Klan Korner
Kitchen

J. O. C.

Motto

"Kwityergrowlyn"

Chief Characteristic

"Always up and About."

FAVORITE PASTIME

BARKIE	Boosting the St. Lawrence Hotel
MIXIE	Getting Candy from Bonny
BECK	Keeping Everyone in Doubt
GUS	Gazing at the Interstate Building
SCUBE	Singing "Rock of Ages"
GRAVY	Getting Letters from Bingham
COLEY	Seeing Wood and Saying Nothing
RUFUS	Writing to the JAPS at Emory
FLO	Keeping up with Min
MIN	Making a Crush on New Girls

YALE
SDE
Sigma
MUTT
JEFF

D. G. S.

Motto

"We're wild cats from Sunny Creek
and its our night to howl."

Colors

Black and White

Flower

Cat-tail

Favorite Drink

Catnip Tea

Meeting Place

"Just Anywhere."

Song

"Where is my wandering
D. G. S. tonight?"

"TONY" PORTER

"JAP" CATRON

"CONNIE" TATUM

"BROWNIE" HARMON

"CHICKEN" FIELDER

"SOPKINS" EIFFERT

YALE

S. S. S.

Motto

"Live While You Live."

Colors

Green and Gold

Flower

Yellow Rose

MEMBERS

MARGARET BOOTHE . . . . . "Boots"

GENEVA LIVESAY . . . . . "Queen"

LIDA ROGERS . . . . . "Pansy"

OLLIE MAY WHITE . . . . . "Aunt Ollie"

DHS
Roanoke

Kodak Fiends

ALMA McCOY
VERA COMPTON
CATE BROWN

ADA PENNINGTON
MABEL MIXON
SUE KOLB
LYDIE WILLIAMS

MARY KIRKPATRICK
ANNIE WHATLEY
LAURA LYMAN

"Green-Eyed Monsters (?)"

Occupation
Warming the Cold

Color
Flame

Phone
23

Office Hours
12 A. M. to 12 A. M.

MEMBERS

"NICK" WORLEY . . . . . Boss
"FATTY" REYNOLDS . . . . . Fireman
"SAL" REYNOLDS . . . . . Ash Toter
"RED" DICKINSON . . . . . Pitcher
"BECK" LOWDER . . . . . Angel of Leisure
"BILLY" JONES (absent) . . . . . Door-Keeper

Sisters' Club

Motto

"Brotherly Love—If It's the Other Girl's Brother."

Colors
Red and Yellow

Flower
Bachelor Button

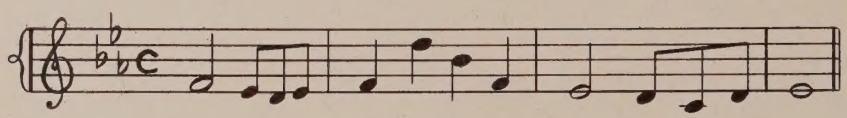
MEMBERS

BESS BROOKS
MARJORIE BROOKS
BONNIE BUTLER
MAE BUTLER
PEARL COLE
FLORENCE COLE
SARAH PARK HOUSE
ANNIE JAMES HOUSE
NAN JACKSON
NELL ————? (Prospective)
MAYME LOVE
LUCILE LOVE
MABEL MIXON
ANNIE MAE MIXON
JENNIE RHEA OWENS
SARAH OWENS
FOY REYNOLDS
MAUDE REYNOLDS
GLADYS YAWN
FANNIE LOIS YAWN

Warriors

KIRKPATRICK	General
WHITE	Colonel
ROGERS	Major
NEFF	Captain Company A
COLE	Captain Company B

Bugle Call



"Every little movement has a result all its own."

COMPANY A	COMPANY B
ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS	SARAH PARK HOUSE
SUE KOLB	NELL PLATT
RALLS LACEY	BESS BROOKS
LUNETTE FULLER	MARJORIE BROOKS
LELIA HEDRICK	LETTIE NELSON
GRACE SOBOTKA	RUTH JAMES
VIOLET PARSONS	FOY REYNOLDS
BLANCHE PAYNE	MAUDE REYNOLDS

Knob Explorers

Motto

"Beyond the hills embosomed beauty lies, therefore we climb."

Colors
Green and Brown

Flower
Rhododendron

OFFICERS

DR. G. W. SUMMERS . . . . . Guide

HELEN TURNER . . . . . Secretary

LYDIE WILLIAMS . . . . . Treasurer

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH BRANHAM
MARJORIE BROOKS
VERA COMPTON
FANNIE MAY GRAY
CALVIN HANKINS
RUTH JAMES
LETTIE NELSON
PEARL PEPPER
LEN PRIVETT
MAUDE REYNOLDS
FREDDIE SCOTT
ALLIE MAE SNODGRASS
DR. G. W. SUMMERS
HELEN TURNER
LYDIE WILLIAMS
MARTHA WOLFE
FANNIE LOIS YAWN
GLADYS YAWN

Mascot

MARSH CUNNINGHAM

Cupid's Quartette

Motto

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Flower

Bleeding Heart

Members

BESS BROOKS

LELIA HEDRICK

LUNETTE FULLER

MARJORIE BROOKS

Motto

"Eat all you can git,
——then quit."

Colors	**Flower**
Turkey Red and Olive Green	Cauliflower

GRACE COPELAND . . . . . Spectator
MARY KENT STUBBLEFIELD . . . . . Chief Cook
CARRINE BUCHANAN . . . . . Dime Collector
MARTHA WOLFE . . . . . Assistant Cook
LOUISE PERRY . . . . . Dish Washer

Yell, yell, yell!
Yell we must
Good home grub
Is the grub for us!

The Black-Haired (?) Blonds

Motto
"Better Red than Green."

Color
Crimson

Flower
Bleeding Heart

The Distinguished Ones

SUE KOLB
"BILL" NEIGHBORS
LOU WILLIAMS

"Here we are, back-to-date and up-to-date! The only three in the college! Prior to the fall of man they were all red-headed, men and women. Any other color than red is a sign of the fall,—and as soon as humanity started back up toward the best, red-headed people again came on the scene: for instance Abraham, the father of the faithful; David, the shepherd king and poet; and last, but not least, we three Titian haired beauties!!

Social Calendar

SEPTEMBER

19—School opened. "Sufficient unto the day are the evils thereof."

20—The few first-comers meanderingly straggled and moped into the chapel where the sympathetic musical faculty found them and banished their blues by an improptu recital.

21—Much rushing and crushing of the new girls. The Clionians infatuated them with the free, gay life of the Gypsies by a Gypsy luncheon.

22—The first Sunday. "That letter home." Everybody homesick. This awful disease was readily sighted and fought against with this:

SPECIAL SERMON FOR SULLINS GIRLS

(To be filled by Dr. Baylor, State Street Methodist Church)

Announcements	5%
Hymns	20%
Prayers	15%
Sermon	60%

(To be taken every week.)

DR. W. S. NEIGHBORS.

This we took with great dignity and reserve. But how could we help it when we felt for the first time upon our heads, the touch of those darling little caps.

23—More rushing and crushing. Everybody out in kimonas (even the gentlemen). Farisonians entertained the new girls and Clionians at a Japanese Reception.

24—Y. W. C. A. welcomed the girls, old and new.

25—"Life is real, life is earnest." Sad to say, we realized this when the study hall bell rang and we marched in to "grapple with the main issue."

28—Thanks for complimentary tickets! Otherwise we might have stayed at home, but things being as they were, we enjoyed "free show and drinks" at the Columbia.

OCTOBER

2—"Dimensions" taken for uniforms. Vanity of vanities—! Fat girls pray to "fall off," while lean ones jealously blame cruel fate.

3–10—Bath tickets on sale.

GOOD FOR ONE BATH ONLY
5 CENTS
BATH TICKETS 22 FOR $1.00
PRESENT AT OFFICE

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."
No baths on credit.

First water 05
Second-hand water 03

"No life insurance given. Take it on your own risk. Come early to avoid the rush!"

11—Suffragette lecture by Mary Johnston at the Virginia Courthouse. The girls came back full of enthusiasm and inspiration. Bands were formed and resolutions promptly adopted.

12—"Suffragism" continued. Mary Johnston and Mrs. Valentine "spieled forth" in the chapel. Even Miss Drake was won over.

21—Sullins and V. I. C. turned out to see the "Comedy of Errors" by the Ben Greet Players, at the Columbia.

23—"Ye Olden Tea Party" at the Y. M. C. A.

24—Recital given by the members of the faculties of Music and Expression.

26—Open meeting of the Farisonians. Political farce in which "Bill", "Teddy" and "Woodrow" featured admirably. But Taft disgraced the United States by losing his moustache. Don't think the Suffragettes were not present. "Vote for Wimmen" and "Wimmen's rites" rent the air.

27—The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet entertained at a chafing dish supper, two of Emory's Y. M. C. A. workers, who shortly afterwards highly entertained our association with two fine lectures.

30—Trip to the Columbia to see our ancestors—the monkeys. Miss McAdory and "Buster" occupied the cozy corner.

31—Hallowe'en party given in the gym., by Farisonians. Picnic at "Willie Boone" by Clionians.

NOVEMBER

3—Election day. Excitement in the air. Who could study that night? Nothing but cheers and yells at the regular reports of Wilson's rise. And who could sleep that night when Mr. Mears and Mr. Mann were going around beating pans and blowing horns?

4—"Tit for tat,
"If you kill my dog, I'll kill your cat—"
Mr. Mears' peaceful morning slumbers were abruptly and unceasingly disturbed by the girls with "pots and pans" and bells and horns.

6—Arrival of uniforms. "You're as welcome (??) as the flowers in May."

8—Seniors ordered their rings, but why so many meetings—what was the attraction?

9—The Farisonians presented Miss Allen in "Esmeralda."

10-30—Fitting uniforms—O, such times!

17—Alabama entertained her sister, "Miss Issippi."

18—Grand reception in which we all made our debut—"rats" and all. Many hearts smashed—supposedly. To prove that this is true, we'll let you judge every Thursday evening.

21—First Thursday night after the reception. Door bell rang, the door opened, the boys walked in. Mr. Mann climbed the stairs and knocked at some doors. The girls came out, nonchalantly descended and walked into the parlor where they met. This was only the beginning of the end. But Miss McAdory and "Buster" still occupied the cozy corner.

27—Everybody getting friendly—new crushes coming on. Boxes from home.

28—Our first snow since school opened—also our first Thanksgiving in 1912. "Box getters" realized there was "method in the madness" of their "crushers."

29—Infirmary crowded. Dr. Wiley did a rushing business. All those failing to meet the infirmary requirements were forced to come down to Sullins liver, onions and potatoes!

DECEMBER

5—Seniors had callers. "I just know he'll never come again."

9—Senior Class Bazaar. Great success. Annie Laurie Cullens highly elated.

10—Gottfried Galston played at Y. M. C. A.

13—Time "scoots." The Farisonians must have been aware of this fact for they presented the school with a grandfather's clock. Perhaps they wanted to know just how fast time DOES "scoot."

16—"She Stoops to Conquer" presented at the Columbia by the School of Expression of Sullins College.

17—We sometimes do those things which we ought not to do, and "forget that girls are not boys." Maybe we forgot too much this time and disturbed the teachers' sweet dreams.

18—With tears in their eyes and "woe-be-gone" looks on their faces, the "girls who were left behind" watched the trains bear off their fortunate sisters. But they came back more determined than ever to win the hearts of the Bristol boys and get ahead of their absent rivals. This fact was partly shown by their many social functions during the holidays.

21—"Old timy" candy pull.

22—Church. Special Christmas services.

23—Chafing dish party.

24—Rook party.

25—Christmas day. Big stocking suspended in the hall became so overladen with gifts that it fell with a crash. Would that such dinners would awlays be—minus the after effects. To make things more like Christmas at home, we were gathered around a REAL fire, bright and cheery, while Christmas stories and jokes from all were enjoyed. (You probably know by this time that "I" was here during the holidays.)

26—Box party. Exceptional night—no boys.

28—Masquerade party. Talk about "hits", this was when we made them!!

29—Church.

30—Mrs. Morley entertained some of the girls.

31—The last day of grace. The old year ended gloriously—Miss Fillinger entertained and "feasted" us royally.

JANUARY

1—"Smarty cats" caught the first trains and rolled into Bristol. Stearn realities again. First study hall since the holidays. "Smarty cats" began to realize that the "early bird does not always catch the worm."

2—"Nothin' 'cept just school."

3—Much "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" on account of the postponement of the Collegians Male Quartette.

4—Change of room-mates.

5—Ditto.

6—Miss McAdory and "Buster" began again.

10—Senior callers—how strange!
Jennie Rhea distinguished herself by getting a demerit.

11-13—Everybody crammed for examinations except Eurine Boulanger Gilkey, who always did her duty and didn't have to cram.

13—Mid-term exams began—a nightmare to the majority. Many prayers were offered up, because of sudden sickness and accidents.

20—The annual mid-year recital by the School of Expression of Sullins College.

26—Jennie Rhea's first (and probably last) trip to town.

28—Lida made a great impression with her strong face.

FEBRUARY

3—Clionian open meeting. "The Temptation" and "The Quarrel and Last Farewell," from Julius Cæsar, presented by Messrs. Taylor.

5—Ollie resolved to be a real flirt.

7—The S. O. I.'s entertained the K. A. Δ.'s at a mock wedding. The bride and groom were the principal "features."

13—Whether 13 is a lucky or an unlucky number, the 13th of February was certainly a memorable one for us. After many reproaches from Miss Drake, the girls decided to go down to dinner once with their hair really off their foreheads, eyes, and ears. The scene was a lively one. They were there with all styles—quaint, tacky—from the "Sis Hopkins plaits" to the "old maid's tight twists." Everybody was looking at everybody else, enjoying the striking ugliness. Everybody was lamenting Miss Drake's absence and really uneasy lest all their trouble be for nothing, when lo! at the entrance of the dining room there appeared a person in the most gaudy attire. Her hair was bushy over her eyes and ears and a big butterfly bow was very glaring and prominent—it was Miss Drake!!! As she walked the length of the dining room, we saw "ourselves as ithers see us."

14—Hearts, hearts galore, cupids, arrows, charming girls and handsome men!
The Juniors entertained the Seniors at a Valentine reception. Many hearts were "captured" and taken away. The Seniors did not deny that they owed their following Thursday night dates to the Juniors' generous "send off."

17—Mr. Bodell's class recital.

19—Pupils recital. Everybody enjoyed "The Garden of Flowers," a cantata sung by Mr. Alberti's chorus class.

22—Mrs. Forbes and Miss Drake, as George and Martha, in all their stateliness, entertained the Seniors at a royal banquet. The Seniors were, of course, gay—but dignified as usual—in much powdered hair and queer as-near-as-possible Colonial garb.

28—The Kellogg-Haines singing party at the Y. M. C. A.

MARCH

1—Big onion feast at Mrs. Kirkpatricks table. The entire school received full benefit.

4—Collegians Male Quartette at the Y. M. C. A.

5—Mr. Mears bade farewell to Sullins and fled to Florida, leaving MANY broken hearts behind.

7—All of Mr. Mears' admirers were "showered" with the "first edition" of cards from their departed friend.

8—The J. O. C.'s entertained Miss "Kat" Fuqua at a feast. A jolly time they had and none of them failed to do their duty toward the "eatables."

18—King College, while "boosting," paraded the Sullins campus and caused great excitement. Some of the girls who happened to be on the campus at the time of the parade thought their lives were in danger and were seen running frantically for a place of refuge. Does this sound like Sullins girls?

19—If you see this in Rosemary, March 19th will have to end the Social Calendar.

Nan's Sacrifice

NAN and little Ronald were both in the primary class in Sunday School. Ronald felt sorry for Nan because she never had pretty dresses like his sister Julia. He carried her a boquet of flowers every Sunday. And, oh, how poor little Nan adored the beautiful little boy who was the first person who had ever been kind to her!

One Sunday after Sunday School, Ronald said to Nan, "I am going to start to school tomorrow. Will you be there?"

"I ain't never been to school, Ronald," replied Nan, "but I'll come if you want me to."

Sure enough, next morning, Nan presented herself at the school house. She and Ronald were both in the first grade. Nan had an older brother, Jim, who was in the second grade. Jim, a big, overgrown boy, was a bully and a coward. He often mistreated Nan, but in spite of this, Nan almost worshipped Jim, although she was more afraid of him than of any one she knew.

Jim's conduct at school caused his poor little sister to cry herself to sleep many a night. His chief delight was to torment the smaller boys. He soon developed a dislike for little Ronald, because Ronald was such a manly little fellow, but he did not dare to lay hands upon him or torment him openly, because he was Colonel Wesley's son, and Jim did not fancy a reckoning with Colonel Wesley.

One day Nan went into the second grade class room at recess. Jim was alone in the room. He was sitting on the recitation bench and was carving upon the back of the bench, with his knife.

"Oh, Jim, don't!" Nan cried. "The benches are right new. Mr. Carson will be mad."

"You'd better not tell him," snarled Jim, getting up and walking out of the room.

Mr. Carson, the president of the school, was indeed very angry when he saw the carving on the new bench, but he was unable to find the guilty pupil. No one seemed to know anything about it.

"Well," he said, "if I find any more carving on another desk or bench in this school and find out who did it, I shall whip that pupil well;" and the children knew he meant it.

One night Nan saw Jim take his hat and start out of the door. When she asked where he was going, he replied that it was none of her business. Nan feared for her brother. She was afraid that he would follow in their father's footsteps and become a drunkard and gambler. So she threw a shawl over her shoulders and followed him.

He went straight to the school house, entered the first grade room, took a candle from his pocket and lighted it. Nan wondering, took her stand by the window and watched him.

He sat down in Ronald Wesley's desk, placed the candle upon it, took out his knife and commenced carving on the desk. As soon as Nan realized what he was doing, she straightway crawled in at the window. "Jim," she cried, "what do you mean?"

"What are you doing here?" growled Jim.

"Jim," said Nan slowly, "I am going to tell Mr. Carson. I will not let Ronald be whipped for what you did."

"No, you'd rather your brother'd get whipped than the little chap that brings you flowers. Well, you just tell Mr. Carson and you'll be sorry for it," said Jim, shaking his fist threateningly.

Nan went home alone. That night she could not sleep. She was afraid of Jim. She loved him, too, and could not bear to tell Mr. Carson that he had carved on the desk just to get Ronald into trouble. Yet she could not let little Ronald be whipped for what Jim had done; little Ronald who had been so good to her.

The next morning Mr. Carson came into the first grade room as soon as school opened. He had seen the two letters R. W. carved on Ronald Wesley's desk and he was very angry. He cared not at all that Ronald was Colonel Wesley's child. He was a harsh, cruel man, who cared for nobody and feared nobody.

"Miss Brown," he said to the first grade teacher, "I want Ronald Wesley in the office." Nan's heart sank. Little Ronald's look of helpless fear, as he followed Mr. Carson, caused a lump to rise in her throat and choke her, but she did not move.

Miss Brown called the first grade spelling class. Nan rose and took her place with the other children. Her fear was gone now, and in its place there was despair. She could not tell on Jim. She kept listening for sounds from the office. The spelling lesson was about half over when the sound of quick, sharp blows came to her listening ears. With a little scream, Nan darted from her place in the spelling class, through the open door and into the office.

"Stop! he didn't do it!" she cried wildly, grasping Mr. Carson's uplifted arm.

"Nannie, Nannie, he wouldn't believe me. I didn't do it," sobbed little Ronald, clinging to her.

Mr. Carson's face was purple with anger. "He didn't do it! What do you know about it? Who did it then?"

"I did," Nan gasped.

"You did it!" cried Mr. Carson; and grasping her by the arm, he whipped her unmercifully, while little Ronald stood by, sobbing bitterly.

When it was over, Nan put her arms around Ronald, kissed him on his forehead and ran from the room.

LOUISE WILLIAMS, '13, C. L. S.

ATHLETICS

MASCOT SENIOR TEAMS

Senior Basket Ball Team

CAPTAIN—NELL PLATT MANAGER—MABLE MIXON

MABEL MIXON	Left Forward
NELL PLATT	Right Forward
LAURA LYMAN	Left Guard
REBECCA LOWDER	Center
ELIZABETH SCOTT	Center
LYDIE ROGERS	Right Guard

Special Senior Basket Ball

Motto
"Nevertheless"

Yell
Yell, yell!
Make a fuss!
Yell for
Specials,
That's us!

CAPTAIN—FRANCES BARKER
MANAGER—SARAH PARK HOUSE
FRANCES BARKER—Right Forward
CORNELIA TATUM—Right Guard
SARAH PARK HOUSE—Left Forward
GUSSIE MAE STALLINGS—Left Guard
PEARL HARMON—Center

Senior Tennis

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS

BLANCHE ESPY

SUE KOLB

LAURA LYMAN

MABLE MIXON

OKIE NEFF

NELL PLATT

FOY REYNOLDS

LIDA ROGERS

GRACE SOBOTKA

OLLIE MAY WHITE

LOUISE WILLIAMS

Junior Basket Ball

MYRTLE WOLFE	Manager
ELIZABETH BRANHAM	Captain
ELIZABETH BRANHAM	Center
MARY KIRKPATRICK	Back Center
MYRTLE WOLFE ANNIE WHATLEY	Forwards
HELEN TURNER VERA COMPTON	Guards
MARY MIMMS	Sub-forward
MARJORIE BROOKS	Sub-guard

Junior Tennis

CLARICE ALVIS

CATE BROWN

MAE CATRON

MARGARET BOOTHE

LUCILE EIFFERT

GENEVA LIVESAY

ALMA McCOY

ADA PENNINGTON

SALLIE PORTER

ANNIE WHATLEY

Sophomore Basket Ball

"STONEWALL" JACKSON . . . . . Captain

"PROF." HAYNES . . . . . Right Guard

"SENATOR" REYNOLDS . . . . . Right Forward

"MUTT" WILLIAMS . . . . . Center

"JEFF" PRIVETT . . . . . Left Guard

"BY-THE-WAYSIDE" PARSONS . . . . . Left Forward

"SKINNY" STUBBLEFIELD . . . . . Back Center

SOPH
'15

Sophomore Tennis

MINNIE DALRYMPLE

VIRGINIA GODWIN

NAN JACKSON

MARGARET KELLY

LEN PRIVETT

ZOE WETMUR

LYDIE WILLIAMS

FANNIE LOIS YAWN

Irregular Tennis Team

MARGARET SEATON

FLORENCE COLE

AILEEN COLE

IRIS FINLEY

BONNIE BUTLER

MAE BUTLER

JENNIE RHEA OWEN

SALLIE SUSONG

ANNIE JAMES HOUSE

The Invincibles

LAURA LYMAN

CATE BROWN

JENNIE RHEA OWEN

MABEL MIXON

J. O. C. Basket Ball

Yell

Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
J. O. C.'S!

FRANK BARKER . . . . . Captain
FRANK BARKER . . Right Forward
FLORENCE COLE . . Left Forward
PEARL COLE . . . . . Right Guard
MABEL MIXON . . . . Left Guard
MINNIE DALRYMPLE . . . Center

K. A. D. Tennis Club

NELLE PLATT

SARAH PARK HOUSE

MYRTLE WOLFE

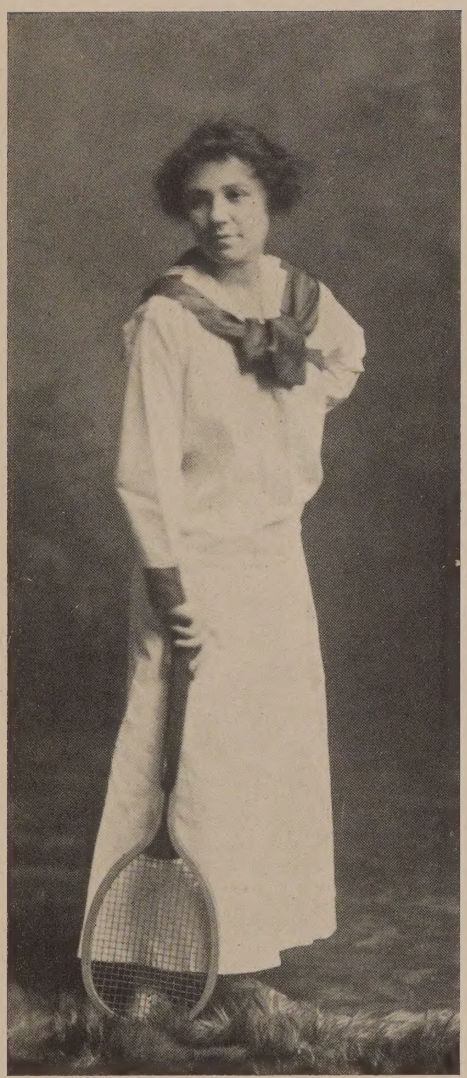
LIDIE WILLIAMS

ALMA McCOY

ANNIE LAURIE CULLENS

NAN JACKSON

SUE KOLB



S. O. I. Tennis

Team One

"Love games and nothing
but love games."

MINNIE BRYAN

BLANCHE ESPY

ANNIE LAURIE HOLLOWAY

ESTELLE REDDING

GRACE SOBOTKA

LOUISE WILLIAMS

GLADYS YAWN

S. O. I. Tennis

Team Two

"Deuce and nothing
but Deuce."

ELIZABETH BRANHAM
VERA COMPTON
FANNIE MAE GRAY
EFFIE GULLIFORD
LEN PRIVETT
FREDDIE SCOTT
HELEN TURNER
ANNIE WHATLEY
FANNIE LOIS YAWN

MUTT AND JEFF

What care we if the weather is bad?
When we're together we're never sad.

"The long and short of Sullins"

NAN AND SUE

"That Blessed Old Note Book"

STILL at it, aren't you? Poor old grind! But never mind, you won't be at it long, for I've come to buy, beg, or steal your blessed old note book. You'll just have to let me have it. I lost mine ages ago. I've missed more than one of the tiresome old lectures. I don't dare ask any one of the other girls for a book. They're all too busy studying for themselves. You're sure to come out with all honors—you have for the past four years and you can't break your record now. I'll be back in an hour and if you don't give me the book, why, I'll just take it anyway!"

Millicent Burton laughed as she made this threat, and truly it was a most adorable laugh, for Millicent was a most adorable little person in everything except in studying—but in that, she was deplorably lax. Still laughing, she waved her hand and closed the door.

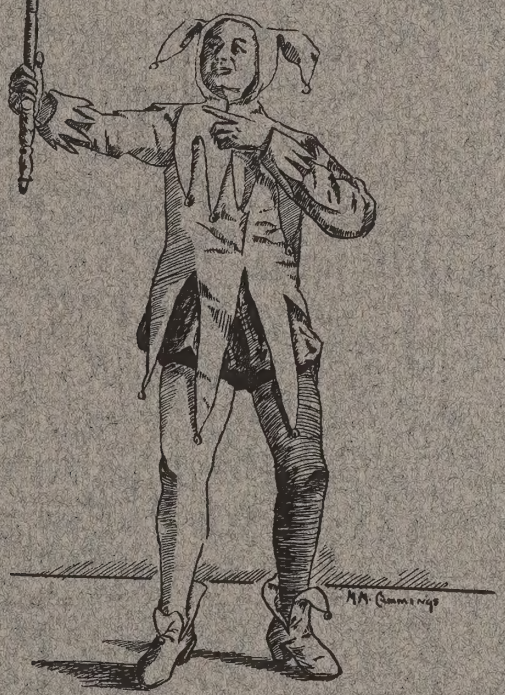
Ten minutes before, Ruth Stuart had put an "engaged from seven to ten" sign on her door and prepared for the arduous task of three hours cramming for the psychology examination, which was scheduled for the next morning. This would be the last test in her Senior year and she was sure it would be her hardest. For however brilliant she might be in other things, she was by no means a "shark" in psychology. True she had made splendid grades in everything during her college days. Every honor had been hers, and to fail in one thing now, when she had done so well on everything else, would not only be a humiliation, but the end of her dearest ambition—to be the honor girl of her class. She needed the three hours study more than she dared admit even to herself. For the only time in her school life, the fear of failure had possession of her. There would be no time for work in the morning and now, Millicent, at whose shrine she had been a most devoted worshiper for the past four years, had asked for the thing she needed most, her note book. It would be impossible for them to study together, for Millicent's tongue was so unmanageable that she could not and would not refrain from talking on the most frivolous subjects, even when study was the most necessary and important topic.

Ruth was bothered, worried, distressed. Should she give the book to Millicent and run the risk of losing her own grade? It meant so much to her—but then it might mean so much to her dearest friend, for even though Millicent was a butterfly, she hated to be called a failure. For a long time, Ruth sat lost in a maze of thoughts. She loved Millicent more devotedly than she had ever loved any other girl, but—and here her thoughts stopped. Could she admit, even to herself that she loved her class honors more than her dearest friend? Was she truly that selfish and self-centered?

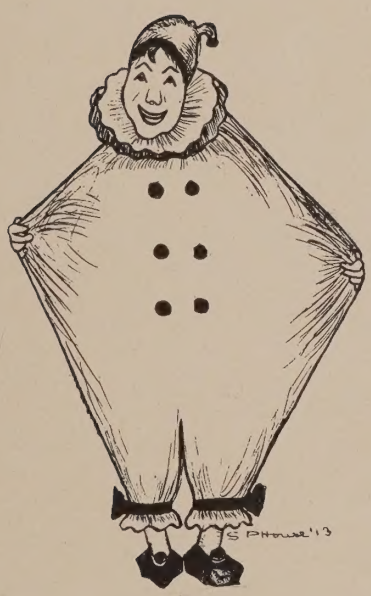
Slowly, the clock chimed eight, the hour was up. Again the door was opened. This time Millicent ran across the room and threw her arms around Ruth's neck saying "Time's up! Hand it over Lady dear."

G. F. S., '13, F. L. S.

OUR COMEDY OF ERRORS



Our Comedy of Errors



Why these jokes,—aye, and wherefore?
"For they say every why hath its
Wherefore." The wherefore is us—just us;
Read and find the "why."

Sullins is quiet!

All the silence of a cold, gray dawn reigns everywhere, occasionally interrupted by peaceful weary snores that float out over the transoms and drift out into the dark, dismal halls and die away. The "big clock" chimes six, whistles blow and the snorers snore on. Mr. Mann bumps through the halls, switches off the lights and bangs on many doors. Sleepy voices answer "All right, Mr. Mann!" but there are no visible or invisible results. Sleepy girls turn drowsily over and slumber on. Snores increase. They do no harm for they disturb no one—except Eurene Gilkey and Estelle Redding who have been "seeing and pursuing" their duties for two long hours. Perfumes arise from the kitchen,—the delightful odor of "liver and onions" precedes Uncle Arthur up the steps with the ding-dong bell. Suddenly the snorers cease,—but with the exception of the suppose-themselves-to-be-beauties and the goody-goods who fear lest a grain of dust be found at the bottom of their window seats, all do the rising bell the honor of a "groan and a sigh and 'I wish I could die,' " and sleep on, lulled to deeper slumbers by the tinkling of the distant bell and consoled by the thought of a few more minutes of grace. At seven twenty-five, the warning whistle blows. With spasmodic leaps and bounds, girls hit the floor. Curl papers fly. Emergency twists are rapidly given to the hair, into this commotion and scrambling for first place at the mirror, breakfast bell, impolite and naughty,

breaks with its clang and clash, adding insult to injury. With skilful hands, middies are lassoed over necks, skirts are dashed into and ties are flung around and adjusted during the rapid flight down stairs. The rest of the outside fastenings are supposed to be done before the fatal door opening into the "feast hall" is reached, but—

B–iscuits yellow, cold and hard,
R–ush 'em down, yard by yard,
E–at 'em, snatch for four,
A–sk for, even pray for more,
K–ill those unions and liver raw,
F–ind a knife and begin to saw,
A–nalyzation is against the law,
S–yrup course comes marching in,
T–hen you'll leave till you come again.

Virginia Godwin—"Well! this is certainly a mess. There are three girls rooming in here and only a 16 horse power light. WE deserve a 32 horse power—!"

Mr. Mears was walking backward and forward very nervously in the hall. Some one close by heard him murmur:-

"Which shall it be?
Which shall it be?
Laura, Vera or Nan-nie?

Surely the revival must have made a deep impression on Annie Mae Mixon for she was heard to ask, "O, will Miss Drake let us have a revival after Mr. Bodell's recital?

Laurianio
Sat at her pianio
Little mouse ranio
Made her screamanio

Louise (In Hammer's, after enjoying one of those truly "Sullins Delights")—"How much is it?"

Young Clerk—"Five cents."

Sue (In astonishment)—"Are those only five cents?"

Young Clerk (Smiling)—"Sometimes."

Tramp! tramp! tramp!—

Morning walk is on! The leaders are turning the corner. Stragglers—the stay-behind-primpers—distinguish themselves by leaping from floor to floor and sliding down banisters. Here they come, waving their hands and yelling in pitiful, heart-rending tones, "Wait, wait, wait." Soon they get in line! Mrs. Kirk marshals her troop towards State Street, with all the satisfaction and dignity of a commander-in-chief—(N. B. Mr. Taylor FREQUENTLY stops at Minor's). The line reaches the Y. M. C. A. Wild screams are heard. There is a great commotion. The frightened girls look back, only to see Nell Hale repeating her "daily episode of trying to catch up."

PREPARATIONS FOR A CALLER

Resolve to have one.

"Take out" after several handsome(?) young(?) men and secure a date at any cost. What is dignity worth anyway?

Begin preparations for this wonderful, marvelous, "dear, darling, delicious," sophisticated, tongue-twisting, knee-shaking event as follows:—

Cut classes.

Wash your hair. Hang a part on the radiator to dry. Remember that a scorched odor has a "hypnotic" effect on the olfactory nerves of your "date."

Roll your own hair,—a teasing curl tantalizes.

Wash your best lace handkerchief and your only pair of genuine silk hose

Lay out your red charmeuse garnished with rosebuds and the lace that Grandmother wore.

"Pick it up tenderly, handle with care
Gloat o'er its beauty—so dainty and rare."

Eat no dinner. Prepare for candy. Take a cold plunge. (This is equal to a Coco-Cola.)

Spend the remaining two hours making yourself beautiful as possible with your limited supply of eye-brow pencils, paints, powders, etc.

Be sure to keep the young man waiting at least fifteen minutes, then trip lightly down the stairs and enter with the air of a duchess.

Barkie—"Miss Drake, may I be excused from classes today? Coley's brother is coming."

Miss Drake—"Well, Miss Barker, I don't know that this is necessary. Are you well acquainted with him?"

Barkie—"Well–er–no, not exactly, you see it's this way—I know a boy real well whose brother knows a frat brother of his."

Miss Rye met Coley in the hall the other night at 11:30 p. m.—"What are you doing out of your room this late Miss Cole?"

Coley—"Oh–er– I've just been to borrow some eye salve—you know Florence sprained her ankle this afternoon."

Minnie—"Miss Drake, may I go to the Presbyterian Church this morning?"

Miss Drake—"Why, are any of your people Presbyterians?"

Minnie—"No Ma'am, but both of my brothers-in-law and my sister-in-law belong to that church and I feel like I ought to go."

There was a pair of scissors
And there was a little girl
Who took that pair of scissors
And whacked off her curl.
Giggling with delight
She went to bed that night.

There was a morning after
And there was a little girl
Who said her prayers in sorrow
And wished for her curl.
Bent with contrition
She vowed no repetition.

On being informed that she must take Current Events, one girl complained that she had already studied it for three years and didn't think it ought to be required of her again.

Annie Laurie Holloway's one wish is to get Stout.

In Miss McAdory's Current Events class the Titanic disaster was discussed. When the question was asked; "what substance is used to bring lifeless bodies to the surface?"

Annie Laurie replied, "Miss McAdory, isn't dynamite used?"

Fire extinguishers were being discussed in chemistry class when Fannie Lois exclaimed, "Miss Fillinger, do they have fire extinguishers on trains?"

Miss Fillinger (absent mindedly)—"Yes, Fannie Lois, they have them on all large buildings."

Sue—"Nell, are you going to Musical Knowledge tonight?"

Nell—(Who has a date.) "No, for Miss Drake said those that went to church would be excused from classes—and you know I am going to worship."

A little girl named Owen
Had a radiator—
Not being very knowin'
She called it alligator.

Fannie Lois (working hard on her chemistry manual)—"Gee! This is a precious thing. I wouldn't take anything for it. I'm going to save it for my ancestors."

We have a wee girl named Mable
Whose mind is not very stable,
But when she sees "Scooty"
She thinks of her duty
And this is all of this fable.

Miss Fillinger—(In Psychology class) "Now, tell me what is pig—ment?"

Bright Pupil—"HAM."

A girl looking in the mirror espied a speck of soot on her nose and immediately began to blow at it. The soot did not budge. It was some time before she realized it was the mirror and not her nose she was blowing at.

Mademoiselle Fleury—(In French class) "Explain the construction of the following sentence, QU A-t-il perdu?"

Florence—(Sleepily) "Oh, that's easy to remember because you know that the cat always comes before the tail."

Ollie Mae (working very diligently over a short story) "Well, you know something; I have to tear this story up and write a good one for this is just exactly like Dicken's "Christmas Carol."

Mr. Mann—"Lights out in room two!"

Voice within—"Well, Minnie and Pearl are both sick and I'm 'sleep."

If Okie's beau brought her a box of candy would Katherine Sharitz?
If she had a chance, would Mamye Love?
If the new girls are green, is Cate Brown?
After a feast is Lunette Fuller?
What makes Beck Lowder?

Grace—(Rushing in the bath-room) "Whoever's in this tub must get out right this minute! You saw it was engaged. I had it fixed and just went back after my soap, only to come back and find you in here. There's no excuse; get out this minute!"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—(Within) I beg your pardon, Grace; I did not know it was engaged."

Grace—"Yes, you did (not recognizing her) you just didn't want to know. I'm waiting for my tub!"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick—"Well, I'll be out in one minute."

Grace—"Gracious, Mrs. Kirkpatrick! I didn't know it was you! I beg your pardon. I don't need the tub just now."

Miss Fillinger—"Give the feminine word which would correspond to 'beaux?' "

Coley—" 'His girl,' I reckon."

"The Lady or the Tiger" had just been read. Lively discussions were up in which many personal opinions were expressed; Miss Drake asked, "Nell, what would you do about it?"

Nell—"Give him to the tiger!"

Florence—"Oh, Jennie Rhea, I've got another invitation to the K. C. debate."
Jennie Rhea—"I did too,—but they know we are campussed all year. That's why they sent them."

Is Alma Mc—Coy?
If Clarice Alvis went down the street, would Nell Hale her?
When Nan cut off her hair, did Nell Platt it?

In Bible class Mrs. Neighbors asked how the Israelites got out of bondage. Laura answered that some walked out and some rode on mules.

JUNIOR LORE HAS IT THAT

"Adam is miserable because his sins will be descended to his children."
"Adam and Eve were ashamed of each other."
"Adam blamed God for molding him into a man."
"Eve took it awful hard."
"Adam's ancestors would have to suffer for the sin also."
"She cried until her eyes were drenched."
"The poles should turn twice on their orbits."
"Luther broke the power of the Catholic church and was put on a Diet of Worms."

The hours I spent on thee, old book,
Are as blissful (?) hours to me;
I hold thee up close to my heart
My Harmony, My Harmony.

Each chord a sigh, each sigh a tear,
To fill a girl with dreadful fear,
I praise thy name, O, "Scutie" dear,
In Harmony.

O work that seems to be in vain,
Much labor spent for little gain
I write each chord and strive at last to learn
My Harmony, My Harmony.

Florence Cole—"Dr. Summers, can you be ready at four o'clock? Minnie, Scube, and I want to take our pictures down the street to Boy's (Studio).

Dr. Summers—(Indignantly) "No indeed you know Miss Drake wouldn't approve of anything like that. Besides, I would be very careful what young men I gave my pictures to."

Mr. Bodell walked up to Mr. Alberti in horror, "Look!" he said, "I'm getting too stout for my vest—see how tight?"

But further examination relieved the distressed gentleman. Some girl had borrowed it and had pinned it nicely and tightly together in the back.

Florence went in Bunting's Drug Store and asked if they had any brown eye-blacking.

Miss Drake—(In English) "Give an example of an episode."

Laura—"Nell Hale."

(Clipping from a letter received soon after the first reports were sent out.)

DEAR DR. NEIGHBORS:

I noticed on my daughter's report that she has taken only two months of "Campus." Please see that she does not drop this study but keep it up all year, as I want her to be thorough in everything she takes. Sincerly yours,

---

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Prof. Vredenburg not "Scooting?"
Miss Iseman having her picture made?
Mrs. House not ruling her children with an iron rod?
Mrs. Neighbors forgetting to use "tact?"
Prof. Bodell not "primping?"
Miss Bruce talking loud, or fast?
Miss Little without her wit?
Miss McAdory not in love with "Buster?"

Miss Drake in a "Middy?"
Miss Lacey and "Walker" at peace with each other?
Miss Fillinger losing her ability to be shocked?
Mrs. Kirkpatrick disliking "Taylor-made things"?
Dr. Summers forgetting Miss Parker?
Miss Fleury eating onions?
Dr. Carlock not "cutting down the fare?"
Miss Allen not being dramatic?
Miss Brown without one or more frat pins?
Mrs. Forbes not looking aesthetic?
Miss Rye losing her temper?
Dr. Neighbors without his "hint to the wise?"
Mr. Alberti without a cigar?

Sullins is quiet again. Come peep into study hall. The first glance goes to the teacher on duty, intent on her letter-writing. Next the eyes get a general view of the studious girls. Studious? Yes, mostly. Here and there you see a "dozer"—then a mischief-maker, originating stunts that would put a monkey to shame. Groups of chatter-boxes on back seats or in distant corners are cautiously carrying on illegitimate conversations which cause smuggled laughter, occasionally. The hands of the clock on the wall fairly crawl from 9:25 to 9:30. Sleepy eyes cast weary glances, longing glances at it and at the teacher, hoping to attract her attention to the fact that "time is almost up"! The teacher taps the bell. The girls leave, the teacher leaves. All is quiet. The lights go off. The chapel is dark. The Comedy of Errors is over for one more day. The curtain has fallen.

Getting up for Breakfast

THIS has for a long time been a subject of deep discussion. First, as to whether it be possible, and second, if so, as to what is the best method. There has been no reward offered for the best recipe but I feel that it is not just to be selfish with the world in regard to these matters. I will relate my own ideas gathered from personal experiences.

If you are a fastidious person and particular about your personal appearance to such an extent that you insist on washing your face and combing your hair before breakfast I'd advise you to attend to all these matters the night before. Then you can either remain awake all night or sleep in a sitting posture and have Mr. Mann call you at six—this will give you some little time in which to manicure your nails, say your morning prayers and perhaps even wake your room-mate before breakfast (if she's a light sleeper).

If on the contrary, you are only an ordinary human, with none of those pioneer itching instincts to see the sunrise; if you like an occasional nap when you know you ought to be "up and doing," then you can follow another plan which is much simpler and more satisfactory. Get one of those batty little fifty-cent alarm clocks with the usual insistent, nagging, nervous tick to it. Of course, you understand this to be a mere formality, you know the thing won't work—but does one ever have teeth pulled for pleasure? It is simply one of the inevitable things in life to which we must submit, like wearing clothes in hot weather, and having corns, and being pleasant when we're miserable—and oh, lots of other things.

Therefore, you wind this little clock up and set it for seven every morning in case the rising bell should fail to wake you. You then go to bed with a beautiful sense of rest and relief—because you have done what is proper and correct—not because you expect to get down to breakfast on time. You sleep the sleep of the just till the little clock dutifully wakes you (and your room-mate) at five o'clock A. M., which is exactly what you expected. With the perfect calm of despair you seize the thing and choke it, "Fire," murmers your room-mate sleepily, "Save my new point lace collar!" You reassure her with some difficulty and hold her in bed with your strong young arms, reasoning and consoling by turns. At length she drifts to sleep, lulled by your courageous voice. You creep steathily back to bed, sneezing and shivering. (The following week you have a disgusting cold in your head.)

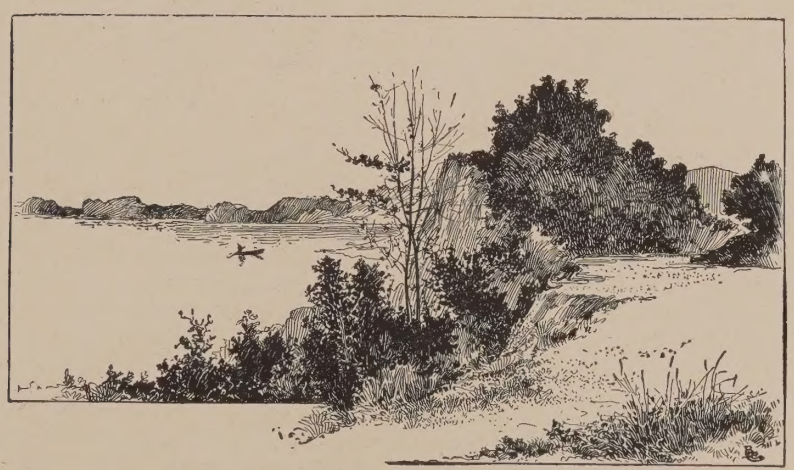
Some time later you are waked by the sound of a bell. "The rising bell," you cry gleefully.

"The breakfast bell," your room-mate informs you. (The breakfast bell is really only a continuation of the rising bell with a slight pause for the worthy man to rest.)

There follows a scene of frenzy in which you put on your room-mate's switch which doesn't match and she puts on a shirt waist wrong side out and does other queer "stunts." You grab a dress with only two buttons on it. These you button going down the stairs. Don't worry, if Uncle Arthur is ringing the bell, for you'll have plenty of time. You get into the dining room first, that's the important thing, you try to look as if you'd washed your face. If you're real agile you can button your shoes while grace is being said.

Repeat this process for a few weeks and you will soon have the speed qualifications of a fire-horse. Indeed, I am working on a patent, a means of attaching clothes to ropes on the ceiling. When the sleeper throws back the cover this appliance shuts the windows turns on the radiator and the clothes descend—but there is no room to further discuss this invention here. You will see it later on the market.

HELEN WARD FIELDER, '14, C. L. S.



A Contest

(After the manner of the Erl-King. The wide-world calls the Seniors. Their mates try to hold them.)

O who dreamed by night of the home-land so dear?
It was the fond Seniors a-longing for home;
And how these girls counted the long hours thro',
To bring May nearer, to make wishes come true.

"O, Sullins! dear Sullins! farewell!" they cry,
"Dear Seniors, for what do you longingly hope?"
"Oh, 'tis the wide-world, with its charm and its smile!"
"No, dear friends, 'tis Duty's call—well worth your while."

"O, come to the wide-world, you brilliant young Seniors;
In many a bright joy shall your hopes be fulfilled;
My hands hold for you great adventures of fame;
In many a country I'll publish your names."

"O Seniors, leave not your friends here;
The wide-world's summons you must always fear."
"Farewell, dear Sullins College—my friend ever true,
Hear now the last farewell—our loving hearts say, 'Adieu!' "

"O, come to the wide-world, choicest of stars,
My wings shall waft you to joys now afar;
They shall bear you most quickly thro' dark and thro' cloud,
And charm you, and bless you, and make you feel proud."

"But Seniors, our Seniors, and did you not hear,
Our grandfather's tall clock tick fast on the stair?"
"O yes, my loved Juniors, I heard its sad knell;
It was the old story of 'Seniors, farewell!' "

"O, hasten and follow me to dearer delights,
Else duties will call you to hard-won rights."
"O Seniors, our Seniors, don't leave us alone."
"The wide-world has seized us, to give us our own."

Sore grieved was the College, it mourn'd thro' its halls,
Ringing loud with echoes and murmuring calls;
Then ceased repining, no longer afraid,
But rejoiced in hope—that a triumph was made!

EURENE BOULANGER GILKEY, '14.

Roll of Students

NAME	STATE	YEAR
AARON, ANNIE	Virginia	1
ABNEY, GRACE	Mississippi	1
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; Y. W. C. A.		
AKARD, NELLIE	Tennessee	1
ALLISON, IRENE	Virginia	1
ALVIS, CLARICE	Virginia	1
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Junior Tennis, '13; Y. W. C. A.		
ARNOLD, ELLA	Virginia	1
Virginia Club.		
BAKER, BERTHA	Virginia	
Virginia Club; The Quintette.		
BARKER, FRANCES	Alabama	2
President Special Senior Class, '13; Secretary C. L. S., First Term, '13; Vice-President Art Club, '13; Special Senior Basket Ball Team, '13; J. O. C. Basket Ball Team, '13; J. O. C.; Junior Tennis, '13; Junior Basket Ball, '12; Y. W. C. A.		
BAYLOR, HELEN	Tennessee	3
BAYLOR, LILLIAN	Tennessee	3
BAYLOR, NELL	Tennessee	3
Virginia Club.		
BLACKWELL, KATE	Tennessee	1
BOOTHE, MARGARET	Mississippi	1
Secretary F. L. S., Second Term, '13; Vice-President Mississippi Club, '13; S. S. S.; Junior Tennis; French Club; Y. W C. A.		
BRANHAM, ELIZABETH	Florida	1
Vice-President Florida Club; Farisonian; S. O. I.; Knob Explorers; Chorus; Junior Basket Ball, '13; Y. W. C. A.		
BREEDING, MARY	Tennessee	1
BREWER, KATHERINE	Virginia	1
BREWER, THELMA	Tennessee	2
BROWN, CATE	Virginia	2
Treasurer, F L. S., Second Term, '13; Treasurer Virginia Club, '13; K. A. D.; Chorus; Kodak Fiends; Invincibles; Junior Tennis; German Club; Y. W. C. A.		
BROOKS, BESS	Alabama	2
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Orchestra; Sisters; Cupid's Quartette; Y. W. C. A.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
BROOKS, MARJORIE	Alabama	1
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Chorus; Sisters; Cupid's Quartette; French Club; Knob Explorers; Warriors; Junior Basket Ball, '13; Y. W. C. A.		
BROYLES, SARAH	Tennessee	1
BRYAN, MINNIE	South Carolina	3
Rosemary Staff, '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13; Treasurer F. L. S., First Term, '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '12; President Junior Class, First Term, '12; S. O. I.; French Club; Art Club; S. O. I. Tennis.		
BUCHANAN, CARRINE	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Art Club; Grub Club; Y. W. C. A.		
BUNN, FAY	Tennessee	2
BUNN, LUCILE	Tennessee	2
BUNN, MARGARET	Tennessee	2
BUTLER, BONNIE	Tennessee	1
Clionian; Tennessee Club; Y. W. C. A.		
BUTLER, MAE	Tennessee	1
Clionian; Tennessee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Art Club.		
BUTLER, DUA	Tennessee	1
Clionian; Tennessee Club; Art Club; Y. W. C. A.		
BALLARD, HAZEL	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; The Quintette.		
BLACKWELL, MARY	Virginia	1
CARLOCK, KATIE RIVES	Virginia	1
Chorus.		
CARLOCK, RUTH	Texas	1
President Texas Club; Farisonian; J. O. C.; Y. W. C. A.		
CARR, BAILEY	Mississippi	1
Clionian; Mississippi Club; Chorus; Y. W. C. A.		
CATRON, MAE	Virginia	1
Vice-President C. L. S., Second and Third Terms, '13; Vice-President Virginia Club, '13; D. G. S.; Junior Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
CHILDERS, MYRTLE	Virginia	1
Virginia Club.		
COLE, AILEEN	Virginia	2
Librarian C. L. S., Second Term, '13; Virginia Club; Warriors; Irregular Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
COLE, FLORENCE	Virginia	2
President Irregular Class, '13; Clionian; Virginia Club; J. O. C.; J. O. C. Basket Ball; Y. W. C. A.; Irregular Tennis.		
COLE, PEARL	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; J. O. C.; Chorus; Honorary Member of Art Club; J. O. Basket Ball; Y. W. C. A.		
COLLINS, SALLIE	Virginia	2

NAME	STATE	YEAR
COMPTON, VERA	Alabama	1
Clionian; Alabama Club; S. O. I.; Art Club; Kodak Fiends; Junior Basket Ball, '13; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
COPELAND, GRACE	Virginia	2
Clionian; Virginia Club; Art Club; Grub Club; Y. W. C. A.		
CORNS, MARGARET	Virginia	1
Chemistry Club; Virginia Club.		
CORMANY, HELEN	Virginia	2
COVELL, ELIZABETH	Michigan	1
Y. W. C. A.; Farisonian.		
COWAN, JANETTE	Virginia	2
COX, JAMIE LEE	Virginia	2
Recording Secretary, Class '13; Farisonian; Virginia Club; German Club.		
COX, RUTH	Tennessee	3
Art Club.		
CUBINE, BESS	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Chemistry Club.		
CULLENS, ANNIE LAURIE	Alabama	2
Rosemary Staff, '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13; President F. L. S., Second Term, '13; Treasurer Class '13; Alabama Club; K. A. D.; French Club; Warriors; Senior Tennis; K. A. D. Tennis; Chemistry Club.		
CUNNINGHAM, MARSH	Tennessee	2
Tennesse Club.		
CUMMINGS, MARY	West Virginia	2
Assistant Art Teacher, '13; President Art Club, '13; Secretary C. L. S., Second Term, '13; West Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
CURTIN, ELEANOR	Tennessee	
Dramatic Club; Tennessee Club.		
CROWELL, FLORENCE	Tennessee	2
Tennessee Club.		
DALRYMPLE, MINNIE	Mississippi	2
Marshal C. L. S., First Term, '13; Mississippi Club; J. O. C.; J. O. C. Basket Ball; Sophomore Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
DAVIES, PEARL	Tennessee	1
DAVIS, HAROLD	Virginia	2
DICKENSON, FRANCES	Virginia	1
Virginia Club; Green-Eyed Monsters.		
DOSSER, ELIZABETH	Virginia	2
DUNLAP, ANNA BELLE	North Carolina	2
Secretary North Carolina Club, '12 and '13; Clionian; German Club; Y. W. C. A.; Chemistry Club.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
DUTTON, BESSIE	Tennessee	2
DUTTON, EULA	Virginia	2
DUVALL, LANE	Virginia	2
DUVALL, MAE	Virginia	2
EIFFERT, LUCILE	Virginia	1
Clionian; Virginia Club; D. G. S.; Junior Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
ESPY, BLANCHE	Georgia	3
Poet Class '13; Farisonian; Georgia Club; S. O. I.; French Club; Y. W. C. A.; S. O. I. Tennis.		
FAIDLEY, KING	Tennessee	2
FAIDLEY, RUBY	Tennessee	2
FIELDER, HELEN	Texas	1
Poet Class '14; Vice-President Texas Club; Secretary C. L. S., Third Term, '13; D. G. S.; Y. W. C. A.; Chorus.		
FINLEY, IRIS	Alabama	1
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Dramatic Club; Irregular Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
FOLLANSBEE, SUSAN	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; K. K. K.; Y. W. C. A.		
FULLER, LUNETTE	Massachusetts	1
Farisonian; Chorus; Warriors; Cupid's Quartette; Y. W. C. A.		
FUQUA, KATHERYN	Virginia	2
Virginia Club; Treasurer Class '15.		
GAMMON, MARGARET	Tennessee	2
GAVIN, SHELLIE	Florida	2
Clionian; Y. W. C. A.		
GILKEY, EURENE	North Carolina	2
Second Vice-President North Carolina Club, '13; Farisonian; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.		
GODSEY, ANNIE	Virginia	2
Prophet Junior Class, '12.		
GODWIN, VIRGINIA	West Virginia	2
Vice-President Class '14; Farisonian; West Virginia Club; K. K. K.; Sophomore Tennis.		
GOODELL, MARY	Virginia	1
GOSE, LILLIAN	Virginia	2
GRAY, FANNIE MAE	Mississippi	1
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; S. O. I.; Knob Explorers; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
GULLIFORD, EFFIE	Michigan	1
Secretary Special Class '13; S. O. I.; Chorus; S. O. I. Tennis.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
GALLOWAY, ETHEL	Kentucky	1
President Kentucky Club, '13; Farisonian; Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Club.		
HALE, NELL	Virginia	3
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.		
HAMILTON, MAYBELLE	Kansas	2
HAMMER, SARAH	Tennessee	1
HANKINS, CALVIN RAHN	Florida	1
President Florida Club, '13; Historian Class '14; Treasurer C. L. S., Third Term, '13; Chorus; Knob Explorers		
HARMON, PEARL	Virginia	4
President Dramatic Club, '13; Clionian; Virginia Club; D. G. S.; Special Senior Basket Ball '13; Sophomore Basket Ball, '12; Y. W. C. A.		
HARRIS, ALICE	Tennessee	2
HAYNES, MARGARET	Tennessee	2
Poet Class '15; Tennessee Club.		
HEDRICK, LELIA	Tennessee	1
Farisonian; Tennessee Club; Warriors; Cupid's Quartette; Y. W. C. A.		
HECHT, YETTA	Tennessee	2
HOGE, NANNIE SUE	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
HOLLOWAY, ANNIE LAURIE	Alabama	2
Treasurer C. L. S., First Term, '13; Alabama Club; S. O. I.; Chorus; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
HORNE, MARY	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club.		
HOUSE, ANNIE JAMES	Tennessee	4
Farisonian; Tennessee Club; Sisters; Orchestra; Irregular Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
HOUSE, SARAH PARK	Tennessee	4
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '12 and '13; President F. L. S., First Term, '12; Artist Tennessee Club, '11, '12, '13; Artist Freshman Class, '10; Artist Sophomore Class, '11; K. A. D.; K. A. D. Tennis; Special Senior Basket Ball; Art Club.		
HUNTSMAN, MARY	Virginia	1
HYBART, VERNON	Alabama	4
Farisonian; Alabama Club; J. O. C.; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C A.		
JACKSON, NAN	Virginia	1
Secretary Virginia Club, '13; Farisonian; K. A. D.; Sophomore Basket Ball; Sophomore Tennis; Sisters; K. A. D. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
JAMES, RUTH	Virginia	1
Clionian; Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Knob Explorers; Warriors; Y. W. C. A.		
JOHNSON, JETTIE	West Virginia	1
Farisonian; West Virginia Club; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
JONES, WILLIE	Alabama	2
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Chorus; Green-Eyed Monsters.		
KELLY, EDITH	Virginia	2
KELLY, KATHLEEN	Virginia	2
KELLY, MARGARET	Virginia	1
Marshal C. L. S., Third Term, '13; Virginia Club; French Club; Sophomore Tennis.		
KING, GLENNA	Tennessee	2
Chorus.		
KING, VIVIAN	Tennessee	2
KIRKPATRICK, MARY	Virginia	4
Secretary Class'14; Clionian; K. K. K.; Kodak Fiends; Junior Basket Ball; Chemistry Club; Y. W. C. A.		
KOLB, SUE	Alabama	2
Vice-President Class, '13; Vice-President Alabama club; Secretary F. L. S., First Term, '13; K. A. D.; Senior Basket Ball; Senior Tennis; K. A. D. Tennis; French Club; Chemistry Club; Warriors; Black Haired Blonds; Y. W. C. A.		
LACEY, RALLS	Alabama	1
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Warrior; Chemistry Club; Y. W. C. A.		
LEWIS, LILLIAN	Tennessee	2
Chorus.		
LIVESAY, GENEVA	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; S. S. S.; Art Club; Junior Tennis; Y. W. C. A.; Chemistry Club.		
LONG, STELLA	Tennessee	1
LOVE, LUCILE	Mississippi	4
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; Sisters; The Quintette.		
LOVE, MAYME	Mississippi	4
Clionian; Mississippi Club; Chorus; Sisters; Y. W. C. A.		
LOWDER, REBECCA	Virginia	4
Rosemary Staff, '13; President F. L. S., First Term, '13; Virginia Club; Senior Basket Ball; Junior Basket Ball, '12; Junior Tennis, '12; J. O. C.; Green Eyed Monsters; Chemistry Club; Y. W. C. A.		
LYMAN, LAURA	Alabama	2
Rosemary Staff, '13; President C. L. S., Second Term, '13; Treasurer C. L . S., Third Term, '12; Secretary Alabama Club, 12 and '13; J. O. C.; Orchestra, '12 and '13; Senior Tennis; Deuce Game Tennis, '12; Invincibles; Y. W. C. A.		
MCCOY, ALMA	Alabama	2
Secretary Dramatic Club, '13; Critic F. L. S., Second Term, '13; Alabama Club; K. A. D.; K. A. D. Tennis; Junior Tennis; Kodak Fiends; Y. W. C. A.		
MCCHESNEY, NANCY	Tennessee	1

NAME	STATE	YEAR
McCrady, Maggie	Virginia	3
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
McCrary, Dixie	Virginia	1
Poet Virginia Club, '13.		
McCrary, Margaret	Virginia	1
Art Club.		
McDowell, Irene	Tennessee	1
McDowell, Ruby	Tennessee	3
McMaster, Ruth	Pennsylvania	1
Farisonian, Y. W. C. A.		
Maness, Evelyn	Virginia	1
Meredith, Juanita	Kentucky	1
President Special Class, '13; Secretary Kentucky Club, '13; Farisonian; K. K. K.; Art Club; Y. W. C. A.		
Miller, Carrie Mae	Virginia	3
Clionian; Virginia Club; German Club; Chorus.		
Miller, Roberta	Tennessee	2
Mimms, Mary	Tennessee	1
Farisonian; Tennessee Club; Art Club; Y. W. C. A.		
Mixon, Annie Mae	Mississippi	2
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; The Quintette; Sisters.		
Mixon, Mabel	Mississippi	2
President Class '13; President Mississippi Club, '12–'13; Critic F. L. S., Second Term, '12; President Junior Class, Second Term, '12; Senior Basket Ball; Senior Tennis; J. O. C.; J. O. C. Basket Ball; Orchestra; Invincibles; Junior Basket Ball, '12; Junior Tennis, '12; French Club; Y. W. C. A.		
Morley, Marie	Virginia	1
Virginia Club		
Mort, Dolly	Virginia	2
Chorus		
Neff, Okie	Virginia	2
Historian Class '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13; President Junior Class, Third Term, '12; Librarian C. L. S., Second Term, '13; Vice-President Missionary Society, '12; Virginia Club; Warriors; Senior Tennis; French Club; Art Club.		
Neighbors, Armour	Tennessee	3
President C. L. S., Third Term, '12; First Term, '13; Critic C. L. S., Third Term, '13; Treasurer C. L. S., '11; Secretary Tennessee Club, '10, '11; Treasurer Art Club, '13.		
Nelson, Lettie	Virginia	1
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Warriors; Knob Explorers; Y. W. C. A.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
OGLESBY, EVA	North Carolina	3
First Vice-President North Carolina Club, '13; Farisonian; Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.		
ORR, SARAH	Alabama	2
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Y. W. C. A.; Art Club.		
OWEN, JENNIE RHEA	Tennessee	1
Treasurer Irregular Class, '13; Farisonian; Tennessee Club; Invincibles; Irregular Tennis; Y. W. C. A.; Sisters.		
OWEN, SARAH	Tennessee	1
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Sisters; The Quintette.		
PARKER, MARY EMMA	North Carolina	2
Treasurer North Carolina Club, '13; Farisonian; Chorus; Y. W. C. A.		
PARSONS, VIOLET	Mississippi	2
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; Sophomore Basket Ball; Orchestra; Y. W. C. A.		
PATTERSON, LOTTIE	Alabama	1
Farisonian; Albama Club; S. O. I.; Art Club, Y. W. C. A.		
PAYNE, BLANCHE	Mississippi	1
Artist Mississippi Club, '13; Farisonian; Art Club; Y. W. C. A.		
PEEPLES, RACHEL	Tennessee	1
Tennessee Club		
PEERY, LOUISE	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Art Club; Grub Club; Y. W. C. A.		
PENNINGTON, ADA	Virginia	4
President C. L. S., Third Term, '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '1_; Virginia Club; K. K. K.; Kodak Fiends; Chorus; Junior Tennis.		
PEPPER, PEARL	Virginia	1
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Knob Explorers; Y. W. C. A.		
PERKINS, INEZ	Louisiana	1
Farisonian; Louisiana Club; Y. W. C. A.		
PETERS, EVA	Virginia	1
Librarian C. L. S., Third Term, '13; Art Club; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
PLATT, NELLE	Tennessee	2
Rosemary Staff, '13; Vice-President Tennessee Club, '13; Vice-President F. L. S., Second Term, '13; K. A. D.; K. A. D. Tennis; Senior Basket Ball; Senior Tennis; Junior Tennis, '12; Sisters; Y. W. C. A.		
PORTER, SALLIE	Virginia	2
Clionian; Virginia Club; D. G. S.; Junior Tennis.		
POWELL, RUTH	Tennessee	3
PRATER, STELLA	Virginia	2
Orchestra		
PRIVETT, LEN	Alabama	1
Historian Class '15; Farisonian; Alabama Club; S. O. I.; Knob Explorers; Sophomore Basket Ball; Sophomore Tennis; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
REDDING, ESTELLE	Mississippi	2
Secretary Mississippi Club, '13; Critic F. L. S., First Term, '13; S. O. I.; French Club; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
REPASS, ANNA	Tennessee	1
REPASS, JENNIE	Tennessee	1
REYNOLDS, FOY	Alabama	4
Corresponding Secretary Class '13; Poet Freshman Class, '10; Farisonian; Alabama Club; Senior Tennis; Green-Eyed Monsters; Sisters; Warriors; M. R. S., '12; Bachelor Maids, '11; K. K. K., '10; Y. W. C. A.		
REYNOLDS, MAUDE	Alabama	2
President Class '15; Alabama Club; Farisonian; Knob Explorers; Sophomore Basket Ball; Sophomore Tennis; Sisters; Art Club; Green-Eyed Monsters; Y. W. C. A.		
RICHARDSON, SARAH	Tennessee	2
Farisonian; Tennessee Club; Y. W. C. A.		
ROGERS, LIDA	Tennessee	1
Rosemary Staff, '13; President Tennessee Club, '13; Critic F. L. S., Second Term, '13; S. S. S.; Senior Tennis; German Club, Y. W. C. A.		
SHARITZ, KATHERINE	Virginia	2
President Y. W. C. A., '13; Librarian F. L. S., First Term, '13; Virginia Club.		
SCOTT, FREDDIE	Alabama	1
Secretary Alabama Club, '13; Farisonian; S. O. I.; Knob Explorers; Chorus; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
SEATON, MARGARET	Tennessee	1
Treasurer Irregular Class, '13; Clionian; Tennessee Club; K. K. K.; Irregular Tennis.		
SMYTHE, NANCY	Virginia	1
SNEAD, ALMA	Alabama	1
Alabama Club; French Club; Y. W. C. A.		
SNODGRASS, ALLIE MAE	Alabama	1
Farisonian; Alabama Club; Knob Explorers; Y. W. C. A.		
SOBOTKA, GRACE	Alabama	2
Rosemary Staff, '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13; Vice-President F. L. S., First Term, '13; Librarian F. L. S., First Term, '12; President Alabama Club, '13; S. O. I.; Senior Tennis; S. O. I. Tennis; Warriors; German Club.		
SPARGER, MAMIE	Tennessee	3
STALLINGS, GUSSIE MAE	Alabama	2
Farisonian; Alabama Club; J. O. C.; Y. W. C. A.; Special Senior Basket Ball.		
STEPHENSON, VERNIE	Tennessee	3
Rosemary Staff, '13; Artist Alabama Club, '12; Heart to Heart Club, '12; Day Pupil Club, '12; Tennessee Club.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
STRALEY, MATTIE	Virginia	1
STUBBLEFIELD, MARY KENT	Mississippi	1
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; Dramatic Club; Grub Club; Y. W. C. A.		
SUMMERS, LILLIAN	Virginia	1
SUMMERS, ROSE	Virginia	1
Vice-President Class '14; Farisonian; Virginia Club;		
SUSONG, SALLIE	Tennessee	3
Vice-President Irregular Class, '13; Clionian; Tennessee Club; K. K. K.; Irregular Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
SUTHERLAND, RUTH	Virginia	1
Virginia Club.		
SUTHERLAND, VIRGINIA	Virginia	1
Virginia Club; Art Club.		
SWEET, MARY	Tennessee	2
Chorus.		
TATUM, CORNELIA	Virginia	3
Vice-President Dramatic Club, '13; Secretary Dramatic Club, '12; Artist Dramatic Club, '11; Virginia Club; Clionian; Artist Special Senior Class, '13; D. G. S.; Special Senior Basket Ball; Y. W. C. A.		
TOBLAR, VIRGINIA	Virginia	2
TURNER, HELEN	Mississippi	1
Secretary Knob Explorers; Mississippi Club; Farisonian; S. O. I.; Junior Basket Ball; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
UMHOLTZ, MARY	Virginia	1
WALLACE, HELEN	Tennessee	1
WAGNER, STELLA	Tennessee	2
Tennessee Club.		
WARREN, JOSEPHINE	Virginia	1
Virginia Club.		
WEEMS, MYRTIS	Louisiana	1
Farisonian; Louisiana Club.		
WETMUR, ZOE	North Carolina	2
President North Carolina Club, '13; Secretary Class '15; Farisonian; Sophomore Tennis; Orchestra; German Club; Y. W. C. A.		
WHATLEY, ANNIE	Alabama	1
President Class '14; Treasurer C. L. S., Second Term, '13; Alabama Club; S. O. I.; Kodak Fiends; Junior Basket Ball; Junior Tennis; S. O. I. Tennis; French Club, Y. W. C. A.		

NAME	STATE	YEAR
WHITE, GEORGIA	Virginia	1
WHITE, HELEN	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club.		
WHITE, OLLIE MAY	Virginia	2
Rosemary Staff, '13; President Virginia Club, '13; Historian Junior Class, '12; Senior Tennis; S. S. S.; Y. W. C. A.		
WILKINSON, LILLIAN	Virginia	1
Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
WILKINSON, MARY	Virginia	2
Clionian; Virginia Club; Y. W. C. A.		
WILLIAMS, LOUISE	Alabama	2
Prophet Class '13; Librarian C. L. S., First Term, '13; Alabama Club; S. O. I.; Dramatic Club; Senior Tennis; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
WILLIAMS, LYDIE	Mississippi	1
Treasurer Mississippi Club, '13; Treasurer Knob Explorers, '13; Treasurer Dramatic Club, '13; Monitor F. L. S., Second Term, '13; K. A. D.; Sophomore Basket Ball; K. A. D. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
WILSON, HATTIE	North Carolina	2
WOLFE, LENA	Virginia	2
Art Club.		
WOLFE, MARTHA	Virginia	2
Farisonian; Virginia Club; Grub Club; Knob Explorers; Y. W. C. A.		
WOLFE, MYRTLE	Virginia	1
Manager Junior Basket Ball; Farisonian; Virginia Club; K. A. D.; K. A. D. Tennis; Chemistry Club.		
WOLFORD, PEARL	Tennessee	2
WOOD, JULIETTE	Tennessee	3
WORLEY, MARY	Virginia	3
Clionian; Virginia Club; Knob Explorers; Y. W. C. A.		
WRIGHT, KATHLEEN	Virginia	1
YAWN, GLADYS	Mississippi	2
Censor F. L. S., Second Term, '13; Artist Mississippi Club, '13; S. O. I.; Sisters; Art Club; Knob Explorers; S. O. I. Tennis; Y. W. C. A.		
YAWN, FANNIE LOIS	Mississippi	1
Farisonian; Mississippi Club; S. O. I.; Sisters; Orchestra; Knob Explorers; S. O. I. Tennis; Sophomore Basket Ball; Y. W. C. A.		
YOUNG, JOSEPHINE	Virginia	2

Afterword

THE sun is setting. Fatigued, but relieved girls stroll leisurely on the campus. They stop on the west side and behold the sight—the glorious sun sinking, leaving the world in darkness. They give it a last look, wave it a fond farewell and go back into the college—expectant—waiting for the coming morning with its brilliant promise.

Just so we bid our Rosemary, poor, long-suffering bandied child of anxious brains—beloved Rosemary, good-bye, to spend its night at the printer's and come again to us in its morning, bright and fresh and new.

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We stand deeply indebted to you who have helped us and fostered our cause--who have made our annual possible. Thank you sincerely. We are confident that we are not the only ones to be benefitted--that in succeeding years Sullins girls, attracted by these pages-- will return this kindness by patronizing

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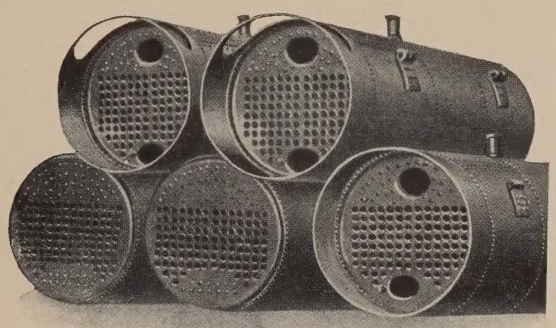

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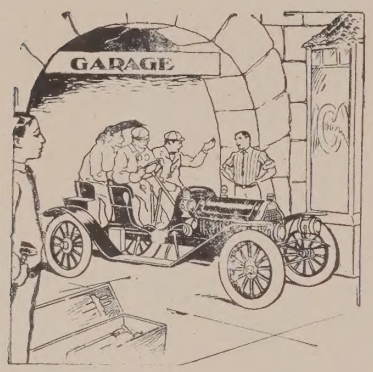

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